The Inner Secret

by

Christobel Gallup

THE INNER SECRET

BY

CHRISTOBEL GALLUP

Flower in the crannied wall,
  I pluck you out of the crannies;—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
  Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
  I should know what God and man is.

—*Tennyson.*

Published by
Good Thoughts Press

For Sale By
WILLIAM W. WALTER
326 NEW YORK STREET,
AURORA, ILLINOIS

COPYRIGHT 1923
BY
WILLIAM W. WALTER

To the millions of unprejudiced people

who are athirst in the desert,

this book is lovingly offered,

as a cup of cold water.

"And John answered him, saying, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not us; and we forbade him, because he followeth not us. But Jesus said, Forbid him not: for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is on our part. For whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward."

Mark 9:38-41.

CONTENTS

Chapter		Page
I.	Surprises	1
II.	"The Grand Point"	9
III.	Capital "M"	19
IV.	Improving One's Time	35
V.	Daffodils	55
VI.	New Light on an Old Path	65
VII.	The Angel Throng	78
VIII.	Digging For Hid Treasure	97
IX.	Moonlight In Russia	113
X.	An Evening in Stratford	131
XI.	Clover	144
XII.	Mrs. Fox Gets Busy	152
XIII.	The Chalice and The Chair	178
XIV.	"Though I Make My Bed In Hell"	185
XV.	"Thou Art There"	197
XVI.	"Let There Be No Strife, I Pray Thee"	202
XVII.	In Romany	207
XVIII.	Clover and Mustard Seed	216
XIX.	The Little Red Hen	223
XX.	"Whatsoever"	238
XXI.	The Harvest Home	241
XXII.	The Mountain Call	247
XXIII.	A Moonlight Sonata	253
XXIV.	Rose-of-the-World	267
XXV.	"I"	274
XXVI.	Romany Tan	281

CHAPTER I.

Surprises.

As soon as Beatrice was fully settled in her room at the hotel, her steamer trunks unpacked and the lesson-sermon read for the day she decided to occupy the afternoon by walking up the avenue a few blocks to a large building where one of the city's Christian Science reading rooms used to be located before her long absence from American shores.

She vividly enjoyed the walk through the crisp April air, the throngs of happy shoppers and the gay appearance of everything and everybody,—for, where she had been, war and famine, pestilence and death had left their unmistakable traces upon the very landscape. Yet after a little, as the realization swept over her again of the hundreds of thousands who were starving in Europe and Asia, it seemed to her that she must call out and stop the sleek, well-groomed women entering the fashionable tea-rooms for an utterly superfluous meal.

But she reassured herself by repeating the well known sentences from Mrs. Eddy's book, "Science and Health," "Divine Love always has met and always will meet every human need." "Of course I

don't pretend to understand it," she thought. "I couldn't see that it met the need of those poor Armenian refugees fleeing from the Turks, only in so far as some hand extended by the Relief Workers gave them the help. What can it really mean? It must be 'IF APPLIED.' But then, I can't expect to understand the mysteries of metaphysics. I asked a teacher once what that sentence meant and I will confess—just to myself—that he gave me no satisfactory explanation. He just floundered around."

The crowds increased as she turned into the cross-town thoroughfare where the building containing the reading room was located. As she noticed the tense, strained expression on some of the faces, the heavy, discouraged, sagging lines on some others, again she thought, "How has Divine Love met their need? I don't understand!" Then there flashed through her mind a quotation from her beloved text-book, which had been in the Lesson she had just been reading (page 490) "The Science of Mind needs to be understood. Until it is understood, mortals are more or less deprived of Truth." "That is it," she mentally exclaimed. "These people here and those over there don't understand the Science of Mind." Then, like a flash, came the sharp query, "Do I understand it?" Before she could frame a reply she found herself

entering the building and stepping into one of the elevators. She suddenly recalled the fact that a practitioner of Christian Science whom she had found extremely helpful upon her visits to the city also had his office in this building. She resolved to go to see him, ask him some questions, and give a brief report of her sojourn in foreign lands (although they no longer seemed "foreign" to her, but just neighbor lands) and to feel his warm welcome home.

The reading room had a dozen or more visitors, mostly reading their lessons. As Beatrice approached one of the tables she felt an unfamiliar *something* about the place. What was it? Everywhere there were black books, familiar enough, with their gold seal on the covers. She puckered her brows. What was it? Well, never mind. She would sit down in a big chair with a copy of the Christian Science Journal and look it over, for she had not seen one for six months.

But she could not find any Journals,—nor any Sentinels. Perplexed she stepped to a table, picked up a black book and read the title, "Unity of Good, by Mary Baker Eddy." Yes, she must be in the right place. She would get a Monitor and read that. But there were no Monitors! Determined to investigate, she returned to the ante-room where an attendant

stood ready to serve possible customers. Beatrice stepped up to the counter and remarked pleasantly, "It seems good to be back in a land again where there are Christian Science reading rooms. I wish to buy a Journal, please," and placed thirty cents before the attendant. The latter frowned slightly as though annoyed and said, "It is quite evident you have been away and out of touch with headquarters. We do not sell, loan nor read the Christian Science Journal, so-called." Too dumbfounded to speak at once, Beatrice simply stood and stared. Then, collecting herself, said "But then I'll take a copy of the daily paper, the Monitor."

"We do not carry the Monitor either. They are no longer authorized literature."

"'Oh," said Beatrice, somewhat enlightened. "They have new editors and publishers?"

"Not exactly, but, nevertheless, they are not now considered the organs of the Mother Church," and the attendant smilingly but firmly took up the thirty cents and handed it to Beatrice, who asked, "Who says they are not the organs, or are unauthorized?"

"The Church Manual."

"Oh, a new one? A new Manual? I thought the Manual was divinely inspired, in fact I've often been told that the same hand that wrote Science and

Health wrote the Manual. And Mrs. Eddy plainly says 'no human pen or tongue taught me the Science contained in this book, Science and Health.' So I don't see how any one could change the Manual, and in my copy we are enjoined by a by-law to subscribe for and read the Christian Science periodicals, so—"

"My dear woman, don't you *know* what has happened? That error is attacking our church from within as well as without? Don't you *know* that Armageddon is upon us? *Where* have you been?"

"Yes, I fancy I've seen Armageddon," returned Beatrice drily. "I've just come from Armenia, and before that I was in Vienna, and before that in France and Belgium." Her blue eyes looked steadily into those of the attendant's. "Don't tell me I know nothing of Armageddon."

"Well, now that you are here, let me just tell you that error's last thrust has been at our church and our cause."

"I wish I could believe it was error's last thrust. You haven't been fleeing from Turks and Kurds, I take it."

"Let me give you a bit of timely advice. Go to a loyal practitioner and learn what has happened while you have been away. This is no place to discuss it," added the attendant firmly.

"I have been feeding the starving and clothing the naked and rescuing the widow and the fatherless, and now that I've returned home for refreshment I find I must not buy nor read the Christian Science literature, and I am stunned. Where shall I find mental refreshment?"

"In our leader's writings. The whole truth is there. They do not change. They—"

"Oh, in regard to that," interrupted Beatrice quickly, "I had with me a complete set of her books, also an old copy of Science and Health that was my mother's. I enjoyed comparing it with the present edition."

"'What edition was your mother's?" inquired the attendant quickly.

"I don't remember that, but I know it was published in 1898 and had an index." The other lady seemed to be counting on her fingers, ten, fifteen, twenty-five. Then she replied, "Well, I suppose there was no harm in that. Mrs. Eddy had thoroughly revised it by that date."

"Harm in it!" ejaculated Beatrice indignantly. "No one better tell me there was harm in it. I lived in those books and the Bible through those awful months."

The attendant quickly reassured her by saying,

"I did not mean to convey there was any harm in studying *those* editions of our text-book. I spoke hastily. But here come some other people. Go and see a practitioner as I suggested to you."

Beatrice was quite willing to do so, for her experience in the reading room had not been at all helpful, and she felt a great sense of confusion, as she answered, "Yes, I will consult my practitioner. He used to be in this building,—Mr. Malcolm. Can you tell me the number of his office?"

"Mr. Malcolm is not a Christian Science practitioner."

"Oh, yes. The one I refer to is, a splendid one, Mr. John Malcolm."

"No such person is now listed. Here is the list of loyal Christian Scientists who have offices in this building," and she handed Beatrice a framed typewritten list of names.

"M,—M,—M,—" murmured the latter as her finger ran down the list. "No, he isn't here. How strange! He must have moved away! I am so sorry!"

"Nothing to be sorry about," said the attendant gently as she waited on a gentleman who wished to purchase a Quarterly. "These are times of sifting. Choose another name. They are all loyal."

"Loyal?" exclaimed Beatrice quickly. "But Mr. Malcolm was one of the persons most loyal to Truth of any one I know. He even gave up his lucrative business when he caught a glimpse of the Christ-Truth. He was an importer of champagnes."

The gentleman beside her could not help hearing the conversation and smiled encouragingly at Beatrice, but the sales woman said, "Well, all I have to say is, you would better copy off some of these names. Here is a pencil."

But Beatrice was on her way out, too surprised and confused to desire any further conversation. She had come for bread, but had not obtained it. Her one desire was to return to her room and think things out. She must calm her thought before her husband arrived for dinner, for he would not understand if she should recount her experiences of the afternoon. Henri was so direct and literal and analytical. She could not evade his questions. So with a pleasant "Good afternoon," she stepped into the corridor and pushed the elevator button. Her mind seemed whirling, and almost in a daze she passed out to the street, but her return walk down the avenue did not seem so pleasant and gay. The shoppers were not so happy, the windows did not look so attractive. They all took on the color of her mood. No Journal! No Monitor! No Mr. Malcolm.

CHAPTER II.

"The Grand Point."

The hotel lobby seemed unusually crowded and Beatrice noticed a number of people entering a large room on her right. She joined them almost unthinkingly and found herself listening to a radio concert —to a woman singing in Chicago. Radio and its achievements interested her mightily, especially since she had married, during her service abroad, a French-Swiss wireless expert who had rendered valuable service to the Allied Cause. He was a radio enthusiast and she soon hurried to her room to tell him of the concert being given below, but he was not in yet. Her eyes fell on her Bible and Science and Health and these reminded her again of her visit to the reading room and of her disappointment in failing to find Mr. Malcolm. She had counted the days when she should be in touch with Christian Scientists again, and since Mr. Malcolm was the only one she knew in the city she was keenly disappointed not to see him.

Her husband, Henri Rochelle, was a new convert to Mrs. Eddy's teaching, a babe in the Truth, looking to her for guidance, and she longed for a refreshing talk with a more experienced Scientist. Her teacher

with whom she had studied some twelve years ago when a girl of twenty, had passed away during Beatrice's absence abroad, and Mr. Malcolm seemed to her just the one she wished to see. The list of "loyal" practitioners were all strangers to her, and now that she had come back to her native land she ardently wanted to be welcomed, welcomed, welcomed by some one she knew. Tears of disappointment were welling up when Henri opened the door.

"Have you found all your old friends,—and sweethearts, petite?" he greeted her.

"Not one, Henri, and I'm so disappointed that I don't feel scientific at all. Everything seems terribly queer today."

"You have been away so long that you may need to get yourself adjusted to America again. Is that it?"

"Oh, no. I just couldn't find a friend, a Scientist, whom I want to see very much. He must have moved."

"Didn't you try the telephone?"

"Why no, I never thought of it. I haven't had a telephone at my elbow for so long in Asia Minor that I stupidly forgot to try that," and she reached at once for the directory. Again her finger ran down a list of M's. "Malcolm, John C. S., Rm. 801-x" in the very same building she had visited a few hours

ago. She quickly called the number and in a minute found herself listening to a well known voice.

"Yes, this is Mr. John Malcolm." How warm and loving his voice sounded!

"And I am Mrs. Henri Rochelle. You used to know me well as Beatrice Rowe. I've been in Europe three years and I want to see you very much." Her voice was very eager and Mr. Malcolm caught her intense desire for an immediate interview.

"That is good news, Mrs. Rochelle. I remember you perfectly, and am so glad to hear your voice again. Can you come here this evening? I am very busy until eight-thirty, but after that the evening is yours."

"Thanks, I shall be delighted to come. Shall I bring my husband?"

"By all means. Is he a Christian Scientist too?" inquired Mr. Malcolm.

"Yes, that is, a—a believer in it."

"There are many such, Mrs. Rochelle,—just believers." But just here Henri laid a hand on his wife's shoulder saying he had a previous engagement, so she replied, "Mr. Malcolm, my husband cannot come with me but I want him to have a talk with you tomorrow if possible. Our stay in the city will be brief as we must go to my home in Stratford where

my aunt is expecting us to visit her during our stay in the United States."

Secretly Beatrice was relieved that Henri was not to be present at her talk with Mr. Malcolm, for her mind was so confused that she wanted first of all to get her thought calmed down, her many questions raised by that afternoon's experiences answered, and to feel that she was again on her feet. Henri had a direct way of asking her questions as he would ask them of an electrician, and she could not always give him satisfactory answers. So she felt it would be much better for Henri to accompany her on the following day, when Mr. Malcolm's talk would be more generally and better suited to Henri's needs. She must not tell him of any discord in the Christian Science church. In fact, she could not yet believe there was any. It was unthinkable.

"I am sorry that I had to plead a prior engagement, petite, but these gentlemen whom I called upon this afternoon have made arrangements to take me with them to Newark tonight. I was distressed at the thought of leaving you alone on our first evening in America, but this was an invitation and an opportunity I could not afford to miss. I am amazed at the general way radio is being used in this country, according to these experts. Marconi may have dis-

covered, or made practical, wireless communication by ether waves, but your countrymen are developing it and popularizing it in a way we Europeans haven't dreamed of doing yet."

"Oh, yes. Uncle Sam's boys are always on the job," returned his wife with a twinkle. "But I am going to hear about something tonight more fascinating and wonderful than your wireless."

"There is a sort of similarity about them," replied Henri as he picked up Science and Health, and opened it at random. "Listen to this from page ten: 'A correct view of Christian Science, and its adaptation to healing, includes vastly more than is at first seen. Works on metaphysics leave the grand point untouched. They never crown the mental power as the Messiah nor do they carry the day against physical enemies'."

"Why, Henri, that doesn't sound just right, some way. Is that the way it reads? It has an unfamiliar ring," asserted Beatrice.

"Look for yourself," replied her husband handing her the book. Beatrice read it carefully, her brows puckered. Then her face cleared. "Oh now I see what the matter is. You picked up Mothers old edition. Let me see how it reads in my new one."

"What if it is an old edition," inquired Henri. "It

is by Mrs. Eddy isn't it? And published no longer ago than 1898. Didn't she know what Christian Science was, even fifty years ago?"

"Most certainly she did. She discovered it 'through reason and revelation,' as she says, in 1866, and after nine years more of study and practice got out her first edition in 1875." Beatrice had been searching for the same passage in her new book while talking, and now continued, "Here it is on page 116. 'A correct view of Christian Science and of its adaptation to healing includes vastly more than is at first seen'."

"Then she admits the possibility of having an incorrect view of it," interrupted Henri, "and that one must study until one gets her viewpoint."

"Yes, of course. Now I will go on. 'Works on metaphysics leave the grand point untouched. They never crown the power of Mind as the Messiah, nor do they carry the day against physical enemies.' There! I knew the way you read it didn't sound right. You see it is 'the power of Mind,' Henri, Mind with a capital M. That makes all the difference."

"Which are we to believe?" inquired her husband calmly. "She calls it 'THE GRAND POINT,' and intimates that the incorrect view leaves this grand

point untouched. I can understand how 'the mental power' might be used to benefit the race, even as she says 'to carry the day against physical enemies,—even the extinction of all belief in matter, evil, disease, and death.' But when you talk about the Mind with a capital M I am 'all at sea,' as your saying is."

"Oh, Henry! It is God alone who does the healing and we always spell his name with a capital, of course."

"Well, what about 'the mental power' being the Messiah? There it is in cold print."

"I really don't know, but I know we only reflect God. It is plain enough."

"Not to me, Beatrice. God is Mind, you say, do you not?"

"Yes, that is one of His names."

"Oh! I thought it was His nature, not His name. I thought God *is* Mind. So Mind is God."

"Yes," she replied somewhat confused. "But, Henri, He is His own divine Mind, not ours. We are just reflections. Can't you see?"

Henri shook his head. "No. Haven't we any minds at all? I know I have."

"Well, of course, we think, but—we have no separate minds from God," asserted Beatrice stoutly.

"That is just what I maintain. He is our mind,

and our mind is God—or will be when we know enough. Is that what you mean?"

"No—o. That doesn't sound exactly right either. Oh, dear! I want you to have a good talk with Mr. Malcolm tomorrow without fail. He will straighten you out."

"How about you, petite? I think you need a little straightening, yourself," replied her husband with an amused smile.

"I? Oh, no, indeed. I have studied with an authorized teacher, and I am satisfied, that is, *quite* so!"

"How do you Americans use that word 'quite'? Has it two meanings?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so. I mean I understand, or am moderately, or almost, satisfied." Beatrice was compelled to laugh out at the look on her husband's face as he remarked, "That may suit you, but you know I am of a scientific turn of mind and have had that kind of training, so be patient with me. Now, to me, radio is much simpler to comprehend than your explanation of Christian Science."

"Well, but Henri, I know the fault is all mine. You can get it all from Science and Health. That is the text-book."

"Yes, I know. But I hope your Mr. Malcolm can really explain the text-book to me. I cannot *see*

it! I don't just want to believe it. I must understand it. I really think, Beatrice, you only believe it."

"Oh, I do believe it with all my heart. You must swallow it, Henri. That is the way I did."

"What if I studied electricity that way, when I didn't understand it?" replied Henri, pacing the floor. "If I only believed in radio I couldn't even pretend to demonstrate it. You can't prove a belief. You even told me the other day you didn't overcome seasickness, that some way you didn't seem to be able to demonstrate Christian Science as well as you did ten years ago. I should be pretty well discouraged if I had to admit that about radio ten years hence."

"Henri!" she cried in alarm. "You aren't going back on Science, are you?"

"Never! One of my main reasons for absenting myself so long from my own country, is to learn here in the land of its birth whether Christian Science *is* science or not. I believe it is,—but I can't prove it by you, Beatrice. Truth, science, is capable of proof, and when you tell me God is mind, His own mind, but we are not mind, yet we think; that Mind is God, yet not our mind, still there is but one mind, I am all at sea. Then where do mortal mind, and immortal Mind and the human mind and the mind of animals come in?"

"Henri, I wish you would wait and not ask me any more questions till I have seen Mr. Malcolm. I am afraid you are wandering into the mazes of mortal mind by asking all these questions."

"Mrs. Eddy says there just isn't any such thing, in reality."

"But there does *seem* to be," wailed Beatrice. " I feel now as if that is what I am. And you, you are just a big question mark!"

"I am, exactly that. And now let's go down stairs and I will question you still further. What do you want for dinner?"

CHAPTER III.

Capital "M."

A few hours later as Henri left his wife at the elevator in Mr. Malcolm's building and hurried on, she suddenly recalled the words of the reading room attendant: "Mr. Malcolm is not a Christian Science practitioner." As the elevator began to glide swiftly upward her eyes caught a fleeting glimpse of the building's wall directory and standing out from the other names as though they were letters of flame she read: "John Malcolm, C. S. Room 801-x." It must have been there in the afternoon when she scanned it to find what floor the reading room was on. "Truly, having eyes we see not," she thought. Then again came over her a slight doubt in regard to Mr. Malcolm. What did that lady mean by saying he was not a loyal practitioner? Well, she would soon find out. But could she? Was her understanding sufficient to discern disloyal traits, when even Henri could floor her in an argument on the subject? Her joy was dimmed, and a little frown lingered as she stepped out at the eighth floor and read the superscription on Mr. Malcolm's door. Evidently he still considered himself a Christian Scientist.

Mr. Malcolm's door opened and a gentleman came out, and as he passed Beatrice he gave her a slight bow and a smile of recognition. It was the man who bought the Quarterly while she was talking with the reading room attendant. So he knew Mr. Malcolm too!

She was greeted most cordially by her old friend and as she took a seat he looked at her keenly and asked, "What are you thinking to cause that perplexed frown?" She did not answer at once, instead, looked at the books on his desk. Yes, these surely were Mrs. Eddy's books, but there were no Journals nor Sentinels. She looked up at him, then broke into a laugh as she caught his expression. "You feel better, now, don't you?" he asked, looking significantly at the books. "You see I am still studying those, in spite of what they told you."

"Why, how in the world did you know I had been in the reading room inquiring for you?"

He laughed again, but his laugh was full of love, without any sharp edge to it. "So many others have done so and have been told that I am not a Christian Scientist any more, that when they finally find me, their puzzled, wondering expression has been exactly like yours. I recognized it at once."

"Yes, I asked for you, also for a Journal. That

gentleman who left your office as I entered was there too and bought a Quarterly. I see they sell those still." Mr. Malcolm gave a little chuckle and exclaimed, "So you were the good missionary!"

"Missionary?" queried Beatrice in surprise.

"Yes. That gentleman heard some of your conversation about me while getting his Quarterly at the desk, and became interested at once. I think you said I had been an importer of wines and champagnes, but had given it up for the Christian Science practice. He tells me it made his blood rise hotly to hear me branded disloyal, so he came at once to my office, asked for an interview which I couldn't grant him till just now—I was too busy at the moment—and now he is greatly interested in what I had to tell him and has asked me to treat his wife. And so they come, hungry and thirsty."

"I am very glad something good came out of my visit to the reading room. I noticed that gentleman smiled at me when I was defending you.'

"Yes, he too was looking for a practitioner, and being an independent thinker liked what you said about me, in spite of my being blacklisted. Mr. Fox, that is his name, is also staying at your hotel with his wife."

"How splendid! I shall look them up first thing in the morning."

"Yes, do," returned Mr. Malcolm warmly. "They have no friends in the city. They are from California and are on their way to Boston to look into things there. You may have heard of the upheaval at the headquarters of the Mother Church."

"Very little, next to nothing," replied Beatrice, settling back comfortably in her chair. "Tell me all about it.'

"I will just say there has been appalling discord and it has spread over the entire field. In consequence of this, people are inquiring as never before, 'What IS truth?' 'What and where is God?' or 'Why can I not make as good demonstrations as I could five, ten, twenty years ago?' 'What is authorized literature, what is authority, is it vested in person or principle, in an organization with its Boards or is it vested in Truth, herself?' "

"Why, those things are just the things I want to ask. My husband believes there is much in Christian Science, but he unsettles me sometimes with his questions."

Mr. Malcolm smiled gently and asked, "What is your husband's business or profession, may I ask? I mean what sort of training has he had?"

"He is an electrical engineer, but has specialized in wireless and radio."

"Good! A training of that sort is a great help. He has a scientific turn of mind, I take it. He wants to be an understander of Christian Science and not a mere believer." And Mr. Malcolm nodded his head approvingly.

"Why, that is just what he says. He says I am a believer," laughed Beatrice.

"That is very probable. I want to meet that husband of yours, Mrs. Rochelle. Bring him in tomorrow at two if convenient and I will reserve an hour for him—and you."

"Thanks, you would better include me. Henri says I need straightening out as well as he. We will surely come. But those questions—Won't you tell me first about the trouble at Boston, and then answer the others one by one?"

He smilingly shook his head. "No, I am not going to use up this hour, this golden opportunity to learn more of Truth, by relating and recounting that discord. It doesn't concern me now, and error is best forgotten. And the way to forget it is not to talk about it. I will just say for your enlightenment that it concerned various ways of interpreting and enforcing the by-laws in the church manual, which Mrs. Eddy plainly stated in its preface are 'not arbitrary opinions nor dictatorial demands, such as one person

might impose upon another.....They spring from necessity, the logic of events.' As for the questions —can you not answer them satisfactorily to yourself?"

"No, frankly I cannot. I read my lesson, say the Lord's prayer, and the Scientific Statement of Being, —but I don't seem to grow much,—if any."

"Well, well. What a pity! for growth is a law of Nature. But you told me a short time ago that you were a believer. That is where the whole trouble lies. We don't grow in *belief*. We may change our beliefs. But we can only *grow* in *understanding*. 'With all thy getting, get understanding,' said the wise man."

"That is what I want. I felt the need of something more where I have been, in Armenia and Vienna. How I longed to multiply the loaves and fishes as Jesus did, so as to feed the multitudes. But my faith was not equal to anything of the sort. But tell me of yourself. Why did the woman say you are not a loyal practitioner?"

"I will tell you. As to what I am,—I am a seeker after God, and as God is light I am a seeker after light, and as God is truth I am a seeker after truth, and as God is life I am a seeker after life, and as He is love I am a seeker after love, and a seeker after harmony, for you know Mrs. Eddy states that 'God

is Harmony's selfhood.' (Unity of Good.) To me the best definition of God is wisdom, so above all I am a seeker after wisdom, after understanding, after scientific certainty. In that search, I look into the minds of other individuals, reflected in their writings. As you know, I found the best storehouse of wisdom —aside from the Scriptures,—in Mrs. Eddy's writings, *but,* as the Holy Scriptures are not the work of one author, but are a compilation of the writings of many people, so I feel that all of wisdom is not necessarily confined to any one writer in this age, nor can it be. Wisdom and Truth are God, the God-consciousness, or God-state of consciousness, and they cannot be limited to any one individual, now or ever. 'God (Wisdom, Truth) is no respecter of persons.' Again, 'If *any* man lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.' Truth doesn't arbitrarily choose any personality as its mouthpiece. As one of the best known Christian Science lecturers used to say, 'Adam could have had a telephone if he had known enough.' Alexander Graham Bell did know enough, but the scientific thinkers of today are forging ahead and are telephoning without wires—a step beyond. Did all the wisdom in regard to telephony begin and end in Mr. Bell? Can the unfoldment of wisdom be

stopped? Is it limited by anyone or anything, Mrs. Rochelle?"

"No—o," she said slowly, then "but, Mr. Malcolm, —*all* truth and wisdom are contained in our textbook, Science and Health, by Mrs. Eddy."

"Yet Mrs. Eddy herself plainly says on page 495 of that very book, 'All of truth is not understood.' Also doesn't she more than hint at further revelations and unfoldment of wisdom, of omniscence, when in the letter from Miscellaneous Writings which forms a preface to the church manual, she speaks of 'absolute doctrines destined for future generations?' Mrs. Eddy never pretended to limit truth to her books only, nor pretended to be infallible or omniscent. She frequently changed the by-laws to suit the times, or as occasion demanded. She calls herself 'a willing disciple at the heavenly gate, waiting for the Mind of Christ,' 'though rejoicing in some progress.' Your husband reads other works on wireless than Signor Marconi's, doesn't he?" he inquired.

"Naturally. He keeps abreast of the times. He is in Newark right now with some radio experts."

"What would he think of a school or other organization which used and sold Marconi's books and positively forbade him to read or study the books of any of those Newark experts?" asked Mr. Malcolm.

"He wouldn't pay any attention to such a prohibition. No one man has such a corner on radio science as that," Beatrice answered quickly.

"Exactly so. We cannot corner science, or wisdom, or truth, or love, Mrs. Rochelle, it is because I saw that fact clearly and acted upon it that you were told I am not a Christian Science practitioner."

"Oh, I see. You mean that although the Journal and Sentinel are not called authorized literature any more, that you continue to read them."

"No. I went farther afield than that. I was asked by a patient, whom I had not healed but who returned later to tell me of his healing, to read a story embodying the teachings of Christian Science. It was written by a man having a wonderful insight into true metaphysics, and I continued to read and study his other books."

"But what of that? Mrs. Eddy herself warmly praised in the Sentinel the fiction of two other Christian Science authors within my remembrance. You know, Mr. Malcolm, I have been 'in Science' as the saying is, since I was thirteen years old and remember many things."

"I am glad you do. But this writer I refer to, Mr. William W. Walter, was not so 'authorized.' In fact most of his books have come out since Mrs. Eddy

passed on. It was a student of his who healed my ex-patient. So I continued to search and to analyze his writings, and I can honestly say that now I understand Christian Science to a degree that I never thought possible before. Where I had believed, now I understand."

Beatrice was leaning forward in her chair, eagerly attentive. "Mrs. Rochelle, tell me your understanding of God, for Science and Health says on page 203 'if God were understood instead of being merely believed, this understanding would establish health'."

Beatrice puckered her brows an instant, then began glibly, "God is divine, supreme, infinite, incorporeal Mind, Life, Truth, Love."

Mr. Malcolm smiled broadly. "Pardon me a moment. I did not ask for a definition you had memorized, but for your idea of God."

"Well, I will try to put it in my own words. God is a very present help in trouble, is everywhere. He fills all space." Here she paused.

"Now that you have located Him, just tell me your idea of *what* He is."

"Oh, He is divine Love, all powerful Love."

"Is that all?" persisted Mr. Malcolm gently.

"No, of course not. He is our Father-Mother, our real dwelling-place. He fills the earth and the

sky. 'If I make my bed in hell,' you know the rest."

"Of what does He consist, Mrs. Rochelle? What is His very nature?"

"That reminds me of a talk I had with my husband tonight. He said if God is mind then mind is God, but I told him 'no.' That He is His own perfect Mind, divine, apart from us,—that is,—" floundered Beatrice, "we are just reflections or reflectors of Him. We can't say because God is Mind, that all mind is God."

"Take this copy of the present edition of Science and Health and read the answer to the question 'What is Mind?' in Recapitulation," said Mr. Malcolm in reply.

Beatrice turned to page 469 and read aloud: "'Question.—What is Mind? Answer.—Mind is God'." She looked up in astonishment. "But," she objected doggedly, "Mind is spelled with a capital."

"Quite so. And I will explain that to you later. Did you ever think that when that sentence is read in church the reader never stops to explain to the audience, many of whom perhaps have never seen the printed page and are hearing it for the first time, he never says in an aside, 'This word Mind is spelled with a capital'?"

"No, of course not. He just reads right along as it is written."

"Exactly. So the hearers naturally conclude it means what it says, 'Mind is God.' Please continue reading some more of the answer to the question 'What is Mind?' "

" 'Mind is God. The exterminator of error is the great truth that God, good, is the *only* Mind, and that the supposititious opposite of infinite Mind—called *devil* or evil—is not Mind, is not Truth, but error, without intelligence or reality. There can be but one Mind, because there is but one God; and if mortals claimed no other Mind and accepted no other, sin would be unknown. We can have but one Mind, if that one is infinite'."

As Beatrice finished reading she looked up saying, "I am astonished. I have memorized that page, but I never saw it that way before. Why, it plainly says this Mind is the only one there is. Can my mind be *God?*"

" 'If mortals claimed no other Mind and accepted no other'," quoted Mr. Malcolm softly.

"But," objected Beatrice incredulously, "She does use a capital M. I cannot get around that."

"What if she does? Water is water, whether spelled with capitals or small letters, with script or italics. So Mind is *Mind*. Farther down the same page you will find this: 'This belief that there is more

than one mind is as pernicious to divine theology as are ancient mythology and pagan idolatry.' Pretty strong language, that! Mrs. Rochelle. No, decidedly no. There is only *one Mind,* and if mortals, *mortals,* claimed 'no other Mind and accepted no other!' You see we have read these familiar statements over glibly and taken the popular interpretation, which perhaps someone else has given us, without independent thinking and research ourselves. In regard to the capitals: they have perplexed many, and I have made an exhaustive study as to her probable motives, but until you have delved a little further into this new interpretation of her writings you might not agree with me, so I am going to wait before explaining that until you have gained a slight understanding at least, of Mr. Walter's viewpoint, that is, if you care to pursue the subject, Mrs. Rochelle."

"Indeed, I do. You have opened up that definition of Mind to me already and I like it, and then—" she hesitated a minute. "To be frank with you, I have been troubled about my husband. He has not been well since he was gassed in the war, and I have spent hours treating him and he has read and read, but he says he can't seem to understand. I know he would want me to continue this study with you, and he is eager to come to see you tomorrow."

"Well, then suppose you take home with you this little pack of booklets by Mr. Walter. They are called the Plain Talk Series. If you like them you may purchase them, otherwise return them tomorrow when you call. I would suggest one thing,—before you come spend the entire morning studying them. I want you to have read them before I talk with you again. You will notice he refers to Mrs. Eddy's earlier writings. They will interest you."

"They do now. I have an edition of our text-book published in 1898 and Henri and I noticed one difference in them. And now that I think of it, it concerned this very subject of Mind with a capital M," and then she related the conversation she had had with Henri concerning "the grand point" which was "the mental power as the Messiah."

"And Messiah, according to Smith's Bible dictionary," said Mr. Malcolm much interested, "means the annointed one. It sometimes referred to the Jewish priests who were annointed with the holy oils, and again it refers to Jesus, the one sent or annointed. Oil, Mrs. Eddy defines as spiritual qualities, so the mental power or Messiah means to us 'the mental power' when imbued with 'consecration, charity, gentleness, prayer, heavenly inspiration,' as she tells in the Glossary under the definition of oil."

A great light seemed dawning to Beatrice as she exclaimed reverently, "Can it be that that is the meaning of the capital M? It is used when our mind is imbued with such qualities as you have just named, when it is used for *good*, when it is—it is—really God!"

A radiant smile swept over Mr. Malcolm's face as he answered quickly, "You have gotten the idea splendidly, and you saw it for yourself. I did not have to tell you in so many words."

"It is indeed a 'grand point'!" assented Beatrice. "Can you tell me a little more, and then I must go."

"I will read you a few words our leader wrote in 1910 but which were reprinted in a September, 1917 Sentinel. It is from an article called 'Principle and Practice.' It begins: 'This message is of vital importance to every Christian Scientist today. The nature and position of mortal mind are the opposite of immortal mind. The so-called mortal mind is belief and not understanding. Christian Science requires understanding instead of belief;—it is based on a fixed, eternal and divine Principle, wholly apart from mortal conjecture; and it must be understood, otherwise it cannot be correctly accepted and demonstrated.' Then she goes on showing the vast difference between a faith-cure sort of Science and real

understanding of it, and she closes the article by saying, 'Christian Science is not a faith-cure, and unless human faith be distinguished from scientific healing, Christian Science will again be lost from the practice of religion as it was soon after the period of our great Master's scientific teaching and practice. Preaching without practice of the divine Principle of man's being has not in 1900 years resulted in demonstrating this Principle. Preaching without the truthful and consistent practice of your statements will desroy the success of Christian Science'."

"Splendid! I noticed she said 'the nature and position of mortal mind are the opposite of immortal mind.' What does that mean?"

"One is belief, conjecture, which are of course, mortal, changeable; while the other is understanding, demonstration. Their natures and positions are opposites, aren't they? The God-Mind is really the God-state of mind or the mind that was in Christ Jesus. If you wish any other definition look up the one given under 'Mind' in the Glossary, when you get to your hotel. And I shall look for you both at two tomorrow."

CHAPTER IV.

Improving One's Time.

Henri reached the hotel very late that night but his wife was up and was poring over a little booklet with intense eagerness. She looked up happily and said, "Good news, Henri. Mr. Malcolm can certainly set us straight on all points. I know all about Mind now, either with a capital or without."

"Well, well! You are making rapid progress. I fear it will take me a century or two to learn all about mind. How did you do it in such a short time? Mr. Malcolm must be a wizard."

"You know I talk extravagantly sometimes, Henri, but I mean I have found out what was troubling us this afternoon. It was a matter of capitals. Mr. Malcolm says water is water and mind is mind however spelled. Isn't that sensible? And he has loaned us these booklets which we must read before we go to see him at two o'clock tomorrow."

"It must be two o'clock today, petite, for it is now one a. m."

"Really? One o'clock? I had no idea. I have been reading ever since I came in at ten fifteen and I am not through with the first booklet yet. It is so

interesting. I have stopped and compared its teaching with the Bible and Science and Health."

"How many booklets did he give you?" inquired her husband amused.

"Ten. And only until two o'clock to read them!"

"Well, if we omit breakfast and lunch, we may finish them in time, but I doubt it, at your rate of speed. Let me take one and begin."

"I am reading the first one on 'Mental Practice,' and you can take the second called 'Thinking'."

"A very good title, indeed. I am in haste to begin, for I can see already that you have gained something from your reading or your visit. You don't seem so uncertain and so clouded."

Their tiny traveling clock chimed two before the booklets were laid aside for slumber, and by eight they were deep in the study again, having their breakfast served in their room so they might read and talk uninterruptedly.

"That 'Thinking' is a wonderfully clear booklet, Beatrice. I must by all means buy the whole set. It is just what I have been looking for—the truth about thinking phrased in plain words," said Henri as he sipped his coffee.

"The last paragraph of 'Mental Practice' just fits me, as if Mr. Walter knew me well. Listen: 'If the

student finds that the mental house (understanding) which he has been building, comes tumbling about his ears, he can blame no one but himself for he builded this mental house upon the changing sands of human beliefs, which he miscalled understanding. Awake thou that sleepeth and know thyself.' Why, Henri, I feel as if I were starting the study all over again."

"Well, we begin the study of it together, then," replied her husband.

"I asked Mr. Malcolm about mortal mind and all that and he read to me an extract from Mrs. Eddy's First Edition of Science and Health," said Beatrice. "I committed it to memory. It is this: 'All the sickness, sin, and death on earth are caused by mind, even our own beliefs. Matter is not cause and when you destroy the belief that it is, its power over you flees. You possess your own body, and make it harmonious and immortal, or discordant and mortal.' Isn't that splendid and clear, Henri? You know Mrs. Eddy says this first edition contains the 'complete statement' of Christian Science, and calls it 'The Precious Volume.' You see, as she plainly shows, we make the wrong bodily conditions through mind, through wrong, sickly thinking, and we can change these conditions to healthy ones through mind used the right way, through persistent thinking in accord with the

wonderful facts of life, the facts which will endure throughout all ages. Just like the facts about anything. Only the facts endure. Oh, it is opening up so splendidly to me."

"Then you really see that there aren't,—in these facts,—many kinds of mind, mortal and immortal, human and divine, etc. That had puzzled me in your talks. Of course I understand that Mrs. Eddy had to clothe her ideas in terms the ordinary layman could understand, and yet, was I dull? For I didn't get her meaning. Humanity has a more or less fixed idea of what it conceives God to be, a huge superman, who created the universe and then left us to find out its laws, through experimentation. This man-like God has been prayed to, implored and besought with agony, yet how few, how very few persons have felt they had any answers, and finally they ceased to expect any. They tried everything in a vain search for help and relief, from tar-water to violet-rays, and from mud baths to running half nude in the snow. How many suicides we read of who were driven to it by continued suffering, mental and physical! This super-man, this God who did not answer their calls, failed them times without number. Think what you witnessed in Armenia, and what I saw when the German soldiers violated Belgium. Didn't those poor

people cry out to God in all earnestness? Beatrice, there *must* be a different solution to these questions than any so far found. Jesus called God 'My Father and Your Father.' No human father would seem so deaf."

"Henri, I read today Mrs. Eddy's definition of 'Father' in my copy of Science and Health, page 586. It reads: 'Eternal Life; the one Mind; the divine Principle, commonly called God.' When we learn that this Mind is *our* Mind, our Life, indestructible and eternal, our Principle of being, or the Principle of our being, it does simplify matters wonderfully, doesn't it? Not afar off, separate and absent, nor present yet unresponsive to our calls. But our very own Life itself. I cannot grasp it very well, yet. Our Mind also." They were both silent a few minutes each thinking deeply, then Henri spoke slowly, a new idea groping for expression.

"Then we don't pray to, or beseech Mind. We must instead *use* it. Isn't that it? We use the air when we breathe, to cleanse our systems of certain poisons and to bring in the good pure oxygen. We use water for drinking and for cleansing purposes. We use vegetables and fruits for food. We use mathematics in our business. We use the wind to sail our boats. And now we are to use Mind to

cleanse us from sin, sickness and death, and to revivify and gladden our lives and hearts. No, beseeching won't do it. That has been tested and tried for thousands of years. Moses used Mind when he struck the rock and waters gushed forth, when he—hand me that Bible, Beatrice, let me see just what he did do at the Jordan. Hm, Genesis, Exodus. Here it is in the fourteenth chapter. 'And the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto me? speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward; But lift thou up thy rod, and stretch thine hand over the sea, and divide it; and the children of Israel shall go on dry ground through the midst of the sea. * * * * And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea; and the Lord caused the sea to go back * * * * and the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon dry ground: and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left.' The Lord means Mind, Principle, of course, the infinite Intelligence 'commonly called God'."

"Henri, you are wonderful. I never thought of that. Of course Moses used or utilized the great power which Jesus said is given unto us. And that is the trouble with humanity all down the ages, they have begged instead of used! Mrs. Eddy speaks in Retrospection and Introspection of this infinite power,

or 'God as ever-present Truth and Love, to be utilized in healing the sick' and so on. I am in such a hurry to have you see Mr. Malcolm and hear his explanations! We must now go back to our booklets or we shall not finish them in time."

"I wish," said Henri, "that some one would write this all out in a plain, I might say, almost popular way, so that the average perplexed, suffering person would find and read it. I wonder if anyone has!"

"So you did not look up Mr. and Mrs. Fox," inquired Mr. Malcolm as soon as Beatrice had introduced her husband a few hours later and they were seated in his office.

A blank look came over Beatrice's face as she exclaimed, "I forgot all about them! How dreadful! But, Mr. Malcolm I have been so absorbed in those booklets that I have neglected everything else. How did you know I hadn't seen them?"

"They have just been here a few minutes ago, and they left word with me that their suite is number 555 and begged your company to dinner at seven. They will dine in their private room so we can talk."

"We? Are you coming too, Mr. Malcolm? Oh, how wonderful everything is today. I am so happy!"

The two gentlemen smiled into her lovely upturned face and Mr. Malcolm remarked, "The little frown

has disappeared, Mrs. Rochelle, with which you greeted me yesterday. The real truth is a great beautifier. Yes, I am going to dine with you also. Mrs. Fox greatly needs help and she says they sat up till twelve o'clock last night reading the Plain Talk booklets of Mr. Walter's." Henri laughed and said, "They did well, but we retired at two, after studying the same thing. Really, Mr. Malcolm, I am delighted with what I have read. I carefully read five of the booklets, wanting to get a general idea of what the author had to say before seeing you. But of course, I have by no means exhausted them. The explanation of Mind is very satisfactory. I was unable to discern Mrs. Eddy's meaning always in regard to God and Mind and divine Mind and the human mind, to say nothing of mortal mind so-called."

"It has been vague to many, I find, and the fact that Mr. Walter has cleared the subject up for such a vast number of people, is proof that the time had come for such an explanation to be given. Mrs. Eddy's early writings were simpler and more direct, but after some few years she began to change the wording and the capitalization here and there, to such an extent that it amounted to an almost complete veiling of the great truths, the 'grand point' contained in her discovery. What do you want to discuss or ask about first, my good friends?"

"Let me ask just one thing, Mr. Malcolm," put in Beatrice at once. "I am troubled that I have to give up the idea of a Master Mind outside of me Who runs things generally, Who answers my prayers and to Whom I can turn for help and strength and guidance. That bothers me persistently."

"I am glad you have spoken of that, Mrs. Rochelle. We will take that up first, then. You know that the idea of God has changed and progressed throughout the ages. For century upon century He was looked upon *only* as 'the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob,' or 'the God of Israel.' He was pictured as a war-like super-King, loving his friends and hating his enemies. He wiped out whole nations at the prayers and entreaties of his 'chosen people,' the Israelites. He required sacrifices of gentle animals (or so He was pictured in the Old Testament). This went on until the time of Jesus who broadened and corrected the concept of God as much as the times would allow. See John 16:12, 13. 'I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth.' Yet, in the centuries gone Abraham, the Friend of God, had called Him The Almighty, and the very name Jehovah in its inner meaning signifies 'The Self-Existent.' So we find

the great truth hinted at even in His earliest names."

Paul, in turn, boldly preached to the Gentiles, which was a rank innovation. So it has gone on, bit by bit, until now we are discarding altogether a man-like God and are finding Him to be Mind, Spirit, the Life of all, the mental or primal element, or Principle, 'by whom all things consist.' You say you can't give up the idea of a Master Mind. In a sense you don't have to. Our present concept of Mind is very feeble, and this Master mind exists as the great Reality. It is, rather, a Master-state of mind to which we are all striving to attain. Not something outside of us, but of which we are a particle. All knowledge, all understanding, are *in*-folded in this mind, and we, as we grow, *un*-fold these qualities or abilities which we already possess. God or mind is cause. Body or manifestation is effect. Thought is mind in action, producing effects. So if we get busy with our right thinking we can bring into expression any good thing."

"How simple it seems," exclaimed Beatrice, "as you explain it. I only wish I had known of this years ago."

"Yes, this clear plain teaching seems to be meeting the needs of multitudes in this country, and no doubt will soon spread to your land, Mr. Rochelle," replied

Mr. Malcolm earnestly wishing to draw out this honest, scientific thinker who had not been able to swallow any science through mere belief.

"I have read all the German philosophers," said Henri, "most of the French and a few of the Russian and Scandinavian, but I had never found anything that came anywhere near satisfying me until I studied Mrs. Eddy's writings. Even there I felt that I had not gotten hold of her inner meaning. I really preferred her smaller books, Unity of Good, and Miscellaneous Writings, and even The Peoples Idea of God to Science and Health."

"Yes, and I was so shocked, when he told me that," said his wife.

"He was honest, that is all," returned Mr. Malcolm. "Those books you mentioned stand today more nearly, if not quite, as she wrote them at first, while Science and Health has been revised again and again. The very matter of capitals has confused the reader. It was a thick veil, but Mr. Walter in his own studies of her books and other author's writings came to a startling conclusion, but felt he must be wrong. Yet the idea persisted, and he resolved to trace back the various editions of Science and Health, till he came to the first. He was well rewarded, for there in unmistakable, simple language, he found her

great discovery stated in its simplicity. Listen to this from the first edition, page 11: 'We learn from science that mind is universal, the first and only cause of all that really is.' Not a capital in it! Also this, 'That we are Spirit and Spirit is God is undeniably true,' from page 155, and on page 77 we find, 'The final understanding that we are Spirit must come, and we might as well improve our time in solving the so-called mysteries of today on this principle.' That is what I am doing, improving my time by endeavoring to solve the mysteries of TODAY on this principle. I want the best helps and the quickest, surest way possible."

"Oh, I do, too," said Beatrice eagerly, "But—"

"Get all the buts overboard, bring them out in sight, and we can dispose of them I am sure," laughed Mr. Malcolm.

"I am not at all clear on the point of 'reflection' and 'idea' we read so much about. I have always been taught that I, my consciousness, my individuality, was an image, and likeness, a reflection or an idea."

"As you go on studying these booklets that will be made very plain to you. An image is an outline, a form,—is it not? a likeness of something else. Mrs. Eddy quotes on page 115 of the current edition of the

text-book Webster's definition of idea, 'An image in mind; the immediate object of understanding.' Your consciousness or mentality is not an image is it? It is not an idea. It has ideas, images. No, the image and likeness refers to your thoughts manifest, or expressed. Your body and your home, perhaps, are your likeness, the reflection of your thought-conclusions. An image never thinks, eats, runs or works. An image cannot move. So your body is the image, it doesn't even live when the mind says it has died. In this same first edition Mrs. Eddy wrote on page 222, 'The compound idea named man is unintelligent; it is a lifeless image and reflection of Principle, or Soul.' Does that sound as if it referred to you, yourself, or to your body? Which is lifeless and unintelligent? Of course she is talking about the body, named man."

"But," objected Beatrice, "she also says 'Man is not matter; he is not made up of brain, blood, bones, and other material elements. The Scriptures inform us that man is made in the image and likeness of God. Matter is not that likeness.' That is her answer in 'Recapitulation to the question "What is man?"' "

"Very true. There is no matter. It just isn't matter. It is mind in another form, or state. There are in reality no material elements. The one element is Mind, or mentality, and Webster defines element as

'One of the simplest parts or principles of which anything consists.' This one mental element or principle, God, as Mrs. Eddy terms it, is all there is. It underlies all manifestations. We have at present a very inadequate and imperfect sense of it, so we sense evil as real, consequently some of our manifestations or objectifications are evil, or erroneous,—to correspond exactly to our thinking, the mental element in action. Wrong thinking, wrong manifestation. Right or true thinking, right or true manifestation. One balances the other. But the basic element, mind, remains unchanged. It is intelligence, consciousness. Tell me, Mrs. Rochelle, are you conscious now?"

"Why, of course I am."

"You are also intelligent. So in reality, *you* must partake of or be an integral particle or unit of the one great Consciousness. Do not misunderstand me, evil mind, so-called, is very far from being God, the reality of Mind. God is but another term for Good. God is really a quality word, like Wisdom. It is an Ideal, a Standard, yes, a divine Principle. It is Mind in its true essence or condition—but it is the only real Mind —be it capitalized or not. In 'Unity of Good' Mrs. Eddy says in the first chapter 'God is All-in-all. Hence He * * * * is perfect being, or consciousness. He is all the Life and Mind there is or can be. Within

Himself is every embodiment of Life and Mind.' Mind is the mental element and the mental element, which is ever conscious, is Mind—yours and mine. There is no other. You know 'If mortals, *mortals,* claimed' or 'accepted no other, sin would be unknown'."

"You have cleared up the question of mind for me in a wonderful way," put in Henri. "I see that mind *is* mind, no matter how it is spelled or capitalized, and if mind is God, then God is mind, the same as since H_2O is water, then water is H_2O."

"You are right. The ancients deemed water to be one of the four primal elements which could not be decomposed into parts. We now know that the *one* primal element is mind, or life, or soul, or consciousness, of which our bodies and the things around us are objectifications. True our sense of mind, or life, is far from perfect, so our objectifications correspond. As we improve our thinking, our sense of life, and mind, the improvement will also objectify itself or be manifested in an improved body and environment, for effect follows cause, and God, mentality, is the only cause. There is no such thing as material substance. It is mental substance in its objectified state. Does this clear it up still more?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, and now I see what Mrs. Eddy meant in the Scientific Statement of Being, 'All is in-

finite Mind and its infinite manifestation, for God is All-in-all'."

"Our hour is nearly up and as I have several more people to see before I leave my office I will just say in closing that Mrs. Eddy uses the word 'man' in two ways," said Mr. Malcolm. "Sometimes she is referring to the body and again she refers to individuals, units of consciousness, such as you and I, thinkers."

"That makes it much plainer, Mr. Malcolm," said Henri, "you have answered an unspoken question I had ready. Now when may we come again, for I want to spend all the time I can, apart from my radio researches, in getting knowledge of this inner meaning of Christian Science."

"Like all of Mr. Walter's students I do not take a great many patients, for he believes in devoting much time to each case, until you have healed it. I have a waiting list now, but since you do not need treatment and have come from so far, I will see you daily at this hour, to teach you informally some of the plain truths about Life. Silent treatment is not what you need, Mr. Rochelle. You are a natural thinker, and can work your problems out yourself as soon as you get more understanding, and your wife being already a willing believer is all ready to be transformed into an understander too. I am also to dine with you at seven in Mr. Fox's suite."

"I am going to spend every minute between now and then in reading and study," exclaimed Beatrice impulsively, jumping up and gathering up her scarf and gloves. Mr. Malcolm's eyes twinkled as he replied, "After getting a taste of the water of Life we are all in a hurry to drink and drink, but Mr. Walter advises us not to hurry or worry or grow tense and impatient. I am going to prescribe for you both and I want you to follow my directions. Walk back to your hotel, enjoying your walk, observing the multifarious activities of the one Life about you, then lie down and have a good nap until time to dress for dinner. You were both up late and are too tense now to take in more which I shall be ready to give you by that time."

Beatrice's face dropped an instant, but her husband answered, "Very good advice indeed. I can rest better now that I have found my way out of so many perplexities. Come, Beatrice. We are under orders!"

"Not exactly that," smiled Mr. Malcolm, "but my very best judgment. We don't believe in orders and rules and all that. We point out the wisest way, as it seems to us, the sign posts, as it were, and you are free to follow or not. One certain thing. If we find ourselves on the wrong path we shall certainly, all of us, only have to retrace our steps and try again. Au revoir then, until seven."

As the elevator shot down past the floors they caught a glimpse of the reading room sign, and Beatrice smiled happily as she said, "How wonderfully everything has worked out since my visit there yesterday."

"Yes, and while waiting our turn in Mr. Malcom's office I thought over our conversation this morning about utilizing God, Mind, instead of asking. I realized if you told that to anyone who was a Bible student he would undoubtedly reply, 'Yes, that may be, but how do you explain Jesus' words in Matthew, seventh chapter, 'Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.' I noticed a Greek lexicon and a complete topical concordance on Mr. Malcom's bookshelves and I studied them, glad that we had come early."

"Yes? What did you find? I noticed you were absorbed in something."

"I found the word translated 'ask' in the Bible has different shades of meaning in the original tongues. The Greek word in that Matthew verse is *aiteo,* meaning to ask, or crave, and that it is not the word for the seeking of a favor of an inferior from a superior. It signifies to ask or crave for something to be given, giving prominence to the thing asked for rather than the person. For instance, we might crave

to hear instantly a beloved voice of a person residing in Geneva while we are in New York. In order to get that I would have to 'ask' it of radio science. It would be useless for me to beg or request or beseech radio science. I would have to investigate it, learn how to us it and then apply or utilize it. In other words, I would have to ask, seek, and knock—crave, question and signal it. The Greek word for 'seek' in those verses is *zeteo,* meaning seek, desire, require or question. The word translated 'knock' is *krouo,* meaning simply a knock at the door. It is the same word used in Acts, twelve, 'And as Peter knocked at the door of the gate, a damsel came to hearken'. Also in Revelation three, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock.' "

"How do you understand that, Henri?" asked his wife eagerly as they turned into the avenue and started towards the hotel.

"A closed door usually does not open to us unless we knock, does it? Sometimes it had to be a certain signal or code knock as in war times. So any knowledge or science,—even a foreign language,—remains to us a closed door until we learn to knock aright. There can be no other explanation. Too many millions have asked, that is besought and pleaded, in vain, to make a good thinker satisfied that the super-

ficial meaning of such verses is the real one. So in the Science of Mind. We must crave, 'ask' of it, seek or inquire of it, then learn to knock aright and the closed door will be opened, revealing hidden secrets. Our spiritual senses agree with this explanation, and I believe it is the true one. If so, how infinitely valuable it is! I suppose there are thousands of struggling hearts right in this city, right in this Fifth Avenue crowd who have asked in vain. We must search, study and apply the methods already discovered, so we can be of help to them. Thoughts are a potent force when based on understanding, and as Mrs. Eddy said in your older Science and Health, 'the mental power' is 'the Messiah,' which carries 'the day against physical enemies'."

"Yes, it is what she calls 'the grand point' as you pointed out. Henri, how clearly you understand these things now! I am amazed."

"My reading and seeking have not been in vain, for when I got Mr. Malcolm's viewpoint, it cleared up everything to me. Here I stand! Like Luther."

CHAPTER V.

Daffodils.

The afternoon was very warm for April. It seemed like early June to Willard Fox and his wife as they drove through Central Park and back down the Avenue. Mr. Malcolm had prescribed for them whatever they would most like to do, for he found their thought much distressed and disturbed. "Enjoy yourselves thoroughly this afternoon," he had said. "You need the tonic of joy. You need to drop these anxious thoughts and fears." So they had chosen a leisurely drive through the park which was aglow with bright spring flowers and fresh young grass.

"Mr. Malcolm told me to notice all the qualities I could in nature," said Mrs. Fox, "as we drove along, and then to know that they too were included in Mind, even in my mind. What would you say about daffodils, Willard?"

"That 'the winter of our discontent' is o'er, and the present is golden with sunshine and bright promises. That sounds poetic, doesn't it?" he laughed as his wife clapped her hands. "You didn't know your staid husband had poetry in him."

"Why not? Since you are a particle of the All-Mind, you must have included in your mentality all good."

"I suppose so," he assented. "But I really think, Sallie, I have gained more light on life's problems in my two talks with Mr. Malcolm and from reading the Plain Talk booklets he loaned us than I have gained in ten years of ordinary study"

"Ten years?" she exclaimed. "Why, I never understood things at all, before, although I have been taking patients for seven or eight years. They often asked me questions which I could not answer directly. I had to evade them, and when alone I have studied the subjects up, but I was not satisfied."

"It was," he rejoined, "because, as Mr. Malcolm pointed out, we had not started right. I think he said Mrs. Eddy stated as much in her early editions of Science and Health. By the way, before I leave New York I shall try to get one of those early copies. I have never seen one. I wish they would print some more of them. I don't see why they don't."

"We will ask Mr. Malcolm tonight," replied his wife, "and if we see another Christian Science reading room during our drive we will inquire in there. Let us turn into some of these side streets. I have a feeling that there is a reading room near here." They

spoke to the chauffeur and were soon weaving in and out between the Avenue and Broadway. "If we only had a Journal we could quickly locate one," sighed Mrs. Fox after a half hour's search. "Let us go back to the reading room in Mr. Malcolm's building and inquire." But her husband shifted uneasily in his seat and said, "I wouldn't. I heard a little discussion there yesterday, with Mrs. Rochelle you know, and I think we had better wait and ask Mr. Malcolm."

But Sallie Fox was not a woman who wanted to wait for anything. So when they at last saw the well known sign on a large window, "Christian Science Reading Room," she told the chauffeur to stop and soon she was stepping up to a pleasant faced young woman behind the desk in the well-furnished, tasteful reading room.

"Have you a Journal?" she asked.

"No, madam."

"Well, could you tell me if you have any of Mrs. Eddy's books to loan?"

"Oh, yes, we have a large lending library. Have you a card?"

"No, I am a stranger here. We are in the city for only a week or two, but I can give you the best of references. I would like to borrow Science and Health, but one of the old editions. The first if you have it."

The woman looked at her in amazement. "But, madam, we only have the very latest editions. We have no old ones. Why do you wish one of those? We are told to study only the latest."

"Who told us? I hadn't heard."

"It is quite generally understood that Mrs. Eddy revised them in order to make the subject clearer. They—"

"But," interrupted Mrs. Fox, "they are not clearer. Have you ever read the first edition?"

"No indeed. It is all contained in our present text-book, and I am very sure that in Miscellaneous Writings Mrs. Eddy specifically tells us to study the 'latest editions'."

"Well, I don't know as to that. I will look it up. But, in the meantime, I am going to search for one of the old ones. I am not afraid to read anything she wrote, or anything else, for that matter."

The young woman behind the desk saw that Mrs. Fox was intensely in earnest, so she leaned forward, shook a pencil in the air and said slowly, "My dear madam, I want to warn you. There is a movement all over the country to try to find and buy those early editions of our text-book. It *means something.* What,—I do not profess to know, but I want to warn you of it."

"That does not disturb me in the slightest, my dear. Thank you for your effort to warn me against this unknown danger of reading Mrs. Eddy's findings and revelations written down from 1866 to 1875. I am not at all afraid. If there is anything written down by anyone anywhere that will help me to solve life's mysteries and to lend a helping hand to others I am out to find it. Don't you feel that way?" Her smile was so winning that the younger woman could not take offense, and she replied, "Well, if you put it that way—"

"That is the way to put it, isn't it? You are not satisfied with your attainments, are you? With your demonstrations? Just between ourselves, isn't there something you have been working on for a long, long time that you haven't seemed to solve?" Mrs. Fox had seen in her face as she talked a great hunger and longing.

The sudden personal question brought quick tears to the eyes of the girl, as she replied bravely, "Yes, of course there is. And it is most important, too. I have worked hours every day, but—"

"That is just it—'BUT'!" exclaimed Mrs. Fox. "We all have our buts. My idea is if we can find anything, *anything,* to help us, written by Mrs. Eddy at any time, or written by anyone else, we are foolish

if we do not use it. The world is full of misery, my dear. I see you have yours, and I am looking all the time for more light, a brighter, clearer light on our path, and it has been called to my attention recently that what Mrs. Eddy gave to the world at first, when she was alone and friendless, alone with God and her great revelation, *is* clearer and brighter than the same book as circulated today. I see you need help badly. May I come in again to see you? Will you be here tomorrow at this time?"

The girl could not speak for a minute, then said, "I am here every afternoon during April. I shall be glad to see you again. But we cannot talk much here. It is a *reading* room, you know."

"Oh, I know. My dear, will you come to lunch with me at twelve tomorrow? I am at the Royal Arms Hotel. My name is Fox," she said, offering her card. The young woman hesitated. Then said slowly, "One has to be very careful of accepting strangers' invitations here in New York, you know. I—I—"

"I understand perfectly, my dear, and I don't blame you at all. I will come here and see you instead. Good-by," and with a reassuring smile Sallie Fox returned to the waiting automobile where her husband sat watching the crowd passing, some of

whom stopped to gaze at the huge bowl of yellow daffodils in the reading room window, which made a vivid spot of gold against the dark velvet curtains.

"I see they believe in having daffies," he said as he helped his wife into the car. "Yes," she replied, "and that young woman in there at the desk has her own little winter of discontent too. I've been talking to her."

"You haven't given her any of Mr. Walter's booklets have you?" he laughed.

"Not yet, but I expect to, before I leave the city. She warned me against Mrs. Eddy's early editions, but I have reasoned her out of that, I think. I wonder what she meant. She said there was a movement all over the field to turn back to them. I had not heard anything of it. I have been too much concerned with the trouble over the Manual and its interpretations. But that girl! I can't get her out of my mind. She has certainly something that is worrying her tremendously. I am going back there tomorrow to see her."

"Good for you, Sallie," said her husband, giving her hand a warm clasp. "Trust you to find out people's burdens and to give them a lift."

"That is what makes life worth living. Oh, sometimes when I am in a great city like this, and think

of the millions of people with pressing problems, burdens of woe and disease and sorrow, I feel as if some one ought to write a book showing them the way so plain—so plain that—"

"He that runs may read, eh?" put in Mr. Fox. "Yes, at the present rate of progress it will take centuries before humanity will learn that God is Mind and Mind is God, and that they can change their conditions through mental means alone, through correct thinking. "

"Why should anyone object," responded his wife, "to making practical what we have been taught in our church,—that God is our Mind, and God is our life; that there is only *one* mind and that is our mind? I can't talk in capitalized 'M's' Willard, so you can put in all the capitals you want to while listening, or leave them out. As Mr. Malcolm showed us, mind simply means mentality, the thinking ability, intelligence, that which reasons, forms images and conclusions. It is the mental element in the universe which makes everything, which is the only creator. I am sure this new view-point will, as we go on studying, prove not only true but intensely practical. That is what I am after, something which will help me and everyone else. I always have such a feeling of love when I am in a big city like this filled with people from all parts

of the earth, each with the same problems, want, sickness, grief, discouragement, longing for comfort and affection, and of course not lacking in the mesmerism of sin's glamour. What can compare to the happiness of being able to bring a gleam of light and love and freedom to them?"

"With or without permission of ecclesiastical authorities, eh?" smiled her husband. "What will your church back home say to your unorthodox views?"

"I love the church, Willard, and you know I have worked for it. I have held nearly every office in it at one time or another, but if it comes to a question of following any organization or following my honest convictions of truth, there is no doubt which I shall follow. This movement is also taking place in all Protestant churches. As Mrs. Eddy truly says, 'The time for thinkers has come. Truth, independent of doctrines and time-honored systems, knocks at the portal of humanity. * * * * Ignorance of God is no longer the stepping-stone to faith'."

"In the name of all good and common sense," pursued her husband, "shouldn't we exert every means in our power to get acquainted with the truth about God? It is stated that to know Him aright is life eternal. If we had been ultra conservative we would never have investigated Christian Science at all, but

have remained satisfied in the Episcopal Church with the Book of Common Prayer and the Apostles Creed."

"Well, my sole aim is to *know* God, to *know* Him in whom I have hitherto believed. Then to bring this knowledge to suffering humanity."

CHAPTER VI.

New Light on an Old Path.

The first part of the dinner was very jolly that evening, for Mr. and Mrs. Fox, typical breezy westerners, believed that laughter aids digestion, and Mr. Malcolm was glad to see them in so much better spirits than when they first called to see him. They talked with Henri Rochelle on his favorite subject of wireless communication and when he asked if one could not draw some important metaphysical lessons from it Mr. Malcolm answered, "Yes, indeed. And one lesson is that we are not affected by opposites. The receiving and sending stations must be in tune. In other words, if a patient is full of unbelief and scorn, we cannot help him. Even Jesus 'could not do many mighty works because of their unbelief.' 'Again, an individual's genuine goodness of character protects him from evil thoughts and desires of others. The prince of this world finds nothing in him.' Another point to be noted is that mind is one and we are just beginning to learn how to help other individualities through mental means alone,—no wires, no medicines, just true thinking. We can help and heal a person in China or a person whose whereabouts we do

not know, as well as though he were in the room with us, providing only that we know somewhat the nature of his ills or troubles, but we cannot *teach* him by silent mental means alone."

"How can we tell when we have worked long enough?" asked Mrs. Fox. "I have been taking patients for some years, and that has always bothered me. I try to do my work and leave the rest to God, but I am not just sure when my work should stop and let His begin."

Mr. Malcolm smiled broadly. "Which one really does the work, you or God, then?"

"Oh, God, of course. He is the only healer," replied Mrs. Fox.

Just here Beatrice broke in with, "May I speak a minute? What I am about to say may sound disrespectful to you, Mrs. Fox, but it is an actual experience I had some months ago in Vienna. I had seen so many ill-nourished and literally starving children and grown-ups this particular day that I went to bed heart-sick. Our supplies were so meagre and they came through so irregularly that we could not half meet the need, the urgent need, on every hand. I could not sleep. And finally I sat up in bed and said aloud, 'Well, God is right here,' and then my honest thought replied, 'What if He is? What good does

that do? What good does that do to these thousands and thousands in this city?' I had to answer 'Nothing.' And then the still, small voice whispered, 'But God is Truth,' and that cleared it up, for I saw that since God is Truth He must be the very truth about this situation, and that it remained for me, for *me* to apply this truth in my thinking, and *that* was God. It was the first time I ever got a vivid glimpse of what Mrs. Eddy means about the impersonality of God. Was I right, Mr. Malcolm?"

"Excellent as far as you went. You used your power of reason correctly, and right reason is the Christ, and this told you where the fault lay, which was in the notion that this ever-present God was there but would not or could not help those sufferers. You glimpsed through your correct reasoning that right thinking, or thinking the truth about the situation was the divine Mind at work, spoken of by Mrs. Eddy. Now tell us,—what did your right thinking about the situation do? Did it relieve those people's distress?"

"No—o—o, I don't remember that it had any effect. I know I went to sleep after I had argued it out."

"Did you expect any results from your arguments or mental work?" persisted Mr. Malcolm.

"Why, no," replied Beatrice honestly. "I didn't. Is that what was the matter? I haven't had such uniform success as to warrant me in being optimistic about results. I know I argued it out quite a while."

"Replying to your question, Mrs. Fox, as to how long we ought to work—I would say positively, until we come to a definite conclusion on the side of truth, until we arrive at a fixed conviction. Otherwise the error has sway in our mentality, and so of course, in its objectifications. When the Truth or 'Divine Understanding reigns' in us, in our mind, then it (God) does the healing. Does that satisfy you?"

"Perfectly. That is very rational and reasonable. Why have I never thought of that before?"

"Because we have not started right until we learn that we, mentality, are cause, and not effect. We are not the image. We are the projector of the image."

"How very plain you put it," said Mr. Fox, while Henri Rochelle had notebook and pencil in hand taking down notes.

His wife gave a little frown as she observed this, saying gently, "Henri, I am afraid Mr. Malcolm would not like you to do that. We are not to take down notes. I was stopped twice when I was young in Science."

Mr. Malcolm laughed and reassured the embar-

rassed young scientist by saying, "You are doing perfectly right. If I have any knowledge that will be of help to any they are welcome to it. You have heard me talk. Then why not carry the substance of it away with you in accurate written form besides using your memory. I prefer that you should take all the notes you want. Now, Mrs. Rochelle, in regard to your question, whether it was your lack of expectation of success that made you fail to produce results. Yes, largely. Our work can do no more than we permit it to do. *All is Mind.* That was Mrs. Eddy's great discovery. If we send out a message of truth with the thought, 'This isn't going to get anywhere or do any particular good, it is a good, healthy mental exercise, but of course, I can't expect that I can depend on its good results,—' well, Mrs. Rochelle, 'Let not that man think he shall receive anything of the Lord.' Jesus expected good results in his work. Of course, I realize you did not approximate his understanding in the slightest, for until we start right we are not understanders, but mere believers."

"How would you have reasoned out those hungry people's problems?" asked Henri Rochelle earnestly.

"That particular problem was so vast, so world-wide that it would be a tremendous one for a novice

in Science to solve. But I should have known that truth and love, true thinking and the spirit thereof (love) were the sources of supply, and that I could think truly and win my way to a positive conviction or feeling of certainty. Then I should have tried to expect that added supplies were on the way and would reach me in time, systematically and regularly, for that is the law of harmony and Good. Really," went on Mr. Malcolm, "we create the answers to our prayers, or the results of our mental work, which ever way we choose to express it. The need which drives us to work is mental, the work or treatment is mental, so the results must be mental too. It is the same as mathematics. The answer to every problem in that science is in existence. If we work it out correctly we get the correct answer, if not, we get an incorrect answer. So in Christian Science. The answers to our problems are realities *now,* and they are always good and perfect, for perfection is the great Principle of Being. If we reason rightly and apply what we know, we get the correct answer, but if doubt, fear, or misunderstanding colors our thinking, it colors the answer. Truly indeed, it is unto you 'according to your faith.' According to your understanding be it unto you—in results. Expecting but little improvement, we get but little; expecting none, that is what we get."

"But," interrupted Mrs. Fox with a shake of her head, "I cannot agree with you there. I know times when I have done my work carefully and expected a splendid healing, but it didn't come. Then again, I can recall an occasion when I did the work hastily and was really surprised at the good results. So I cannot see it as you explain it."

"The whole trouble is, Mrs. Fox, we haven't started right until we know what is what! We must know what we are. We must know what our bodies are. We must know of what true mental work consists. In my work—I won't presume to describe yours,—but in mine formerly, before I read Mr. Walter's books, I thought I was a mere reflection of the divine Mind when I was giving a treatment. Just how it worked was not very clear to me, so a big element of uncertainty entered into it. I thought I, the ego,—my true self, or consciousness I mean—I thought *that* was the image of God, still how I failed to think rightly and so got into trouble when my mind was the likeness of God's, was not clear to me, for His mind must certainly be sinless and incapable of errors."

"Yes, how do you explain that?" inquired Beatrice eagerly.

"Do you remember some of the things I told you

about God, this afternoon? Our ignorance of Him causes all the trouble. He *is* Mind, mentality, and mentality in order to be true mentality must be able to reason and think. That is one side of God's nature. Understanding or complete Wisdom, Comprehension are other descriptive terms for God. They describe the Ultimate of Being, or final state of mentality. In that final state there are no sins, no errors, no troubles. And, as Mrs. Eddy truly says, 'if mortals claimed no other Mind and accepted no other, sin would be unknown.' And that word Mind is spelled with a capital," he added with a meaning smile. "It is because we persist in declaring that God is *not* our mind, that we reason wrongly from the very start. This grave error entered into all your treatments, Mrs. Fox, and an error in premise comes out in conclusion. Sometimes you were surprised at the results, either for or against your patient. The reflection idea was shown forth in these same results. They reflected your uncertain, unscientific, incorrect reasoning. Our bodies are the reflection of ourselves, of our thought-convictions, not of every passing notion, but of the thoughts or ideas that have 'registered' in our mentality."

"I may be a heretic," said Henri Rochelle slowly, "but I must ask a question. First, let me say, in the

study of radio we do not ask 'Did Marconi or Tesla say thus and so?' and add if not, we don't believe it! We ask, 'Is it so? Is it *true* and capable of proof?' But I have noticed everywhere that if a group of Christian Scientists discuss these things they always base their conclusions on whether Mrs. Eddy said thus and so? As for myself, I cannot always understand what she does mean. Yet if I venture to say so I am told it is because my thought is too material to understand her style. I am honest and in earnest, and these qualities ought with patience to enable me to understand her in a measure. For instance, when she asks in Recapitulation 'What are body and Soul?' why doesn't she answer the question she asked? And her use of capitals is beyond me."

"Yes," asserted his wife, "I brought with me a copy of the text-book I have, published in 1898, the one hundred and thirty-ninth edition, in order to ask about that very question. In this book, she says plainly (page 473) 'Soul is the Substance, Life and Intelligence of man. Soul is embodied, but not in matter, and can never be reflected in anything inferior to itself.' I can understand that. I know matter isn't matter. For all is Mind. So Soul is embodied in its own substance." And Mr. Malcolm put in "Very well expressed. Soul must embody itself in

its own likeness or reflection, more soul or mind, although in another state, the objective state, which we at present see as matter, so-called."

"I am glad I have that right," said Beatrice, while Mr. and Mrs. Fox nodded in approval. "Now, in the present edition she has changed the capitals in a way that mystifies me, and seems meaningless. It reads instead of 'embodied'—'individualized'."

Mr. Malcolm took the copy of the present edition which Mr. Fox handed him and read " 'Soul is the substance (little "s"), Life (capital "L"), and intelligence (little "i") of man.' Then she goes on to say 'Soul can never reflect anything inferior to Spirit.' First it reads 'Soul' is 'reflected,' and a few years later she writes, 'Soul' 'reflects.' And still they tell us the later editions are so much clearer! While on this subject of clarity I wish to read you a few extracts from the First Edition which are quoted in this little book I brought with me. Unfortunately I do not own one. Page 225, 'We are Spirit, but not knowing this, we go on to vainly suppose ourself body, and not Soul.' Nothing about our being reflection there. Page 274. "Knowing that we are intelligence and not intelligent matter; Soul and not sense, is the Truth that destroys all sickness, sin and death.' You see she says the knowing is the Truth that destroys all

error. Page 222, 'The compound idea named man is unintelligent; it is a lifeless image and reflection of Principle, or Soul.' There you have the reflection explained, Mrs. Fox, in no uncertain terms. It is the body which she calls man here. When you see a man walking past your window, it is his body that you see, is it not? If you say 'There goes a woman down the street,' what do you mean?"

"We mean of course that we see a female form," answered Mr. Fox.

"And," asserted Henri Rochelle, "that First Edition is so much clearer than the current ones. To me there is no comparison. Why was it changed?"

"I have only my own opinion to offer," answered Mr. Malcolm. "But this is it. When you think of the state of religious and scientific thought a half century ago, it is a great marvel that Christian Science was discovered at all. After some years of practice and teaching Mrs. Eddy published her book, and as she says in it on page 330, 'Until the author of this book learned the vastness of Christian Science, the fixedness of mortal illusions, and the human hatred of Truth, she cherished sanguine hopes that Christian Science would meet with immediate and universal acceptance. The book was hard to sell. Her students went from door to door trying to dis-

pose of the first thousand copies. Some of her students were uneducated and unwise people who made radical statements to curious ears, in other words, cast their pearls before swine. So gradually she began to change these radical statements to less startling ones, although not changing the inner meaning. In this way the veil was put on, thicker and thicker, until—"

"Until to-day" intercepted Mrs. Fox "in reading rooms one is told to beware of the original book." Then she related to the others her interview of that afternoon with the young woman who finally admitted she had a secret problem still unsolved. "You say she referred to Mrs. Eddy's advice in Miscellaneous Writings to study only her latest editions," said Mr. Malcolm. "She undoubtedly considered it the wise thing to do at the time. You know she has a whole chapter in Unity of Good called 'Caution in the Truth!' That is significant. She also refers in the preface of the Manual to '*absolute* doctrines destined for future generations.' These future generations may have begun to come, may they not? We are living in an age when rapid strides are made almost over night. Our scientific training is constantly demanding more light, further discoveries, bolder experimentations."

"You are perfectly right, Mr. Malcolm," said Henri. "We are enabled in our radio experiments now to put out a blaze with a certain sound, and Tesla predicts marvelous things along that line in a few years."

"Yes, it is a very interesting period of the world's development and I, for one, am glad to be living here now," replied Mr. Malcolm. "Are you going to see that young woman again, Mrs. Fox?"

"I told her I would see her tomorrow afternoon. I really think she is looking forward to it, and I know I am. Since I talked with you this noon I have hardly thought of my physical trouble. It has just slipped my mind. And I am so interested in this new light on an old path that I can't wait to get more books and literature on it."

"I feel the same," said Beatrice, "and I know my husband does for he showed me that I needed straightening as well as he did. My thought was very much confused. So I make a motion that we offer a sincere vote of thanks to Mr. Malcolm for what he has done for us already."

Of course the vote was carried unanimously and all agreed at parting that it had been a feast in every sense of the word.

CHAPTER VII.

The Angel Throng.

The next morning dawned amid heavy clouds, and an east wind was blowing a thick fog from the sea. Henri proposed to his wife that they do a little necessary shopping, have lunch in a French restaurant, and then go direct to Mr. Malcolm's office. To this she agreed gladly, and they set forth on the wet pavements and under the dripping awnings. Their shopping accomplished, they seated themselves in a cozy restaurant which had an old world flavor and began to scan the menu card. The waiter came up and was delighted to chat with Mr. Rochelle in his native tongue. When the former departed with their order Henri noticed that Beatrice was sneezing repeatedly and wiping her eyes.

"Oh, Henri! I do believe I have taken a horrid cold this damp morning. I am chilled through. I want a hot drink and then hurry up to Mr. Malcolm for a treatment. He will dispel this error in short order."

"Why wait?" asked Henri smiling. "Why not do it yourself? Put into practice what you already know."

"I would try if I were back in my room. It is so public and confusing here."

"Would you do that way if the cashier gave you the wrong change? Would you say 'when I get back to my hotel I will get out my arithmetic and figure this thing out'? Wouldn't you immediately, instead, use your knowledge of addition and subtraction right on the spot, and settle the matter then and there? I would. Why not be as quick, and as certain of results in metaphysical science as in mathematical?"

"Oh, Henri! I wish I could. How splendid you are! You are so clever and get right to the point at once. Let me see. How shall I begin? I must not say that because I am the reflection of God I cannot have a cold. I have tried that a good many times but it didn't seem to heal me. And Mr. Malcolm said that the ego, the I, is mind, cause, and not effect. That the body or our circumstances are the *reflection* of our mind or of our thinking. So I have been thinking 'a cold, a cold.' Why, I see it now. If I am mental, no material cold air or water could touch me *except* as a thought. I am not material. I am mind, mentality, then any effect produced on me *must* come through mind. The idea of a cold must find lodgment in my thought in order to affect me at all." As she felt her way carefully along as though groping

in a dim light her husband watched with keen interest the expressive growing light which was playing on her countenance as she argued from the new standpoint. He smiled encouragingly.

Suddenly she straightened up with a determined "It is my privilege to decide this matter,—whether I am to be hospitable to this intruder or not. And I have decided. I am not. Henri, I, my mentality, my God-being, must be self-governed, when I argue in accordance with Truth. And I have decided. I, I am perfectly well. I am *always* perfectly well and harmonious since I am *what I am.*"

"Brava, Brava, petite! You are doing finely. You have added and subtracted correctly. You have reached a just and final decision according to divine metaphysics. Now let's dismiss the matter and enjoy this steak and mushrooms. And doesn't that French bread look good? I have often been told of this place by friends of mine who have visited New York, and now I see for myself." He continued to keep her thought occupied with stories of these same friends and by the time the first course was finished the episode of the cold was forgotten. Her body manifested her true reasoning and decision on the side of Truth.

In the middle of the afternoon, Rose Northup sat behind the desk in the Christian Science reading room

waiting for the promised visit of the stranger, Mrs. Fox, whose few words had resounded in her ears every waking moment. "My idea is if we can find anything, *anything* to help us, written by Mrs. Eddy at any time, or written by anyone else, we are foolish if we don't use it. I am looking all the time for more light, a brighter, clearer light on our path. I see you need help badly. May I come in again to see you?" These kind words had roused in Rose Northup a faint hope, the first she had really had for months. Had her prayers, her agonized entreaties to divine Love been heard? Had this incorporeal, supreme Being, God, guided Mrs. Fox to the reading room to help her? Yes, it must be so. Yet, she argued, it couldn't be so, for her errand had been to try to borrow a First Edition of the text-book, and certainly it wasn't necessary to go back to that! Of course she had never seen one. And she would like to. Yes, she would admit that to herself. But her problem was so peculiar. It was so intimate and confidential. Could she tell it to this stranger? It wasn't like having a growth, or a fever, or a cold, or even just lack of supply. Four o'clock! And she hadn't come. Was she going to fail her too? No, there she was entering the door. How light was her step and how friendly her smile. Rose wished she had accepted her

invitation to luncheon for that noon.

Mrs. Fox halted at a table, looked at a pamphlet, then gradually moved slowly and unobtrusively to the desk where Rose stood waiting.

"What time does the room close?" she asked in a low tone and with a cordial clasp of her hand.

"It is open until nine usually, but, as tonight is Wednesday, it closes at seven because of the mid-week testimony meetings. But, Mrs. Fox, I knew you would keep your promise to come so I have made arrangements to leave the room in the care of another worker, and I shall be free in a half hour."

"Good, I am so glad. We will take a car down to my hotel and have a good talk. You see, I brought along an old Journal which displays my card as a Christian Science practitioner in Santa Gabriela, California. This is my formal introduction, or 'reference,' so you will know it is quite proper to go with me."

"Of course I will go, and gladly. I am ashamed of my hesitancy of last night. I really hoped you would make an opportunity for an uninterrupted talk, as I believe since you are a total stranger I can talk more freely to you than to some one who knows me well. If you will just wait till four-thirty I shall be ready."

Mrs. Fox bowed and returned to a table, selecting the booklet called "Christian Healing" by Mrs. Eddy. Mr. Malcolm had just been explaining to her how impossible it was for outward error, or other people's so-called malpractice to injure her body, unless she gave it that power herself. And even then the injury would come entirely from her own thought, from her own conviction that it would harm her with its consequent fear. He had told her to look on the sixth page of "Christian Healing" for verification of this, and she read the whole page carefully, coming towards the bottom to this: "But the fact remains, in metaphysics, that the mind of the individual only can produce a result upon his body." She stopped in surprise. Surely she had read this sermon of Mrs. Eddy's many times before. Why hadn't she seen it as she did now? She read on and on. "If you wish to be happy, argue with yourself." "With *yourself!*" she exclaimed in a whisper, then continued, "argue with yourself on the side of happiness; take the side you wish to carry, and be careful not to talk on both sides, or to argue stronger for sorrow than for joy. You are the attorney for the case, and will win or lose according to your plea." She read on and on. At the bottom of page eleven she noticed this: "Metaphysics places all cause and cure as mind;" ("a small 'm'" she ex-

claimed). "Metaphysics requires mind imbued with Truth to heal the sick; hence the Christianity of metaphysical healing. "How simply explained!" she thought.

The clock in a nearby church tower chimed the half hour, and Rose Northup was at Mrs. Fox's elbow ready to accompany her, and in a few minutes they were seated in the latter's sitting room at the Royal Arms Hotel.

"What are these little books?" asked Rose as she picked up a pack of them from a table. "They don't look like anything the Publishing Society sends out."

"Nor are they," smiled her hostess calmly. "But they have given me great light nevertheless. Let's not talk about them just yet. We will come to them later. When I know more about your need I shall know better how to approach the subject of authorized or 'unauthorized' reading matter."

"I was engaged," began Rose abruptly, her eyes staring into space, "to a Captain in the United States Marines when the war broke out. He was a naturalized American, being of Russian birth. My family, consisting of an older sister, her husband and two children with whom I live, were opposed to the engagement and would not hear of our marriage before he left for the other side. They said I was affected

by the hysteria of the times and ought to set an example of strong-mindedness to other weaker girls who, in spite of my noble example, persisted in becoming war-brides, nevertheless."

She spoke with a certain bitterness which Mrs. Fox noticed at once, and she read the situation before the girl uttered another word. Living in her brother-in-law's home, disapproved of because she had given her heart to a foreigner, more or less dependent upon this brother and sister, she had brooded over her plight until she could not reason satisfactorily. For, of course, the Captain had not returned.

"Nicholas never came back," went on Rose at length, with such a look of despair in her eyes that Mrs. Fox was forced to wipe her own in sympathy. "He was sent after the Armistice to northern Russia. Oh, that terrible winter! What he must have endured!" and her face sank in her palms while she remained silent for a short time. Mrs. Fox began to declare silently, "Happiness is a quality of mind, a right for every individual, so it is her right, and her possession NOW. Mrs. Eddy says to argue on the side of happiness always."

"Did you never hear from him?" she inquired at last. Rose lifted her head and exclaimed, "Oh, it is *such* a relief to talk about it! Yes, I heard irregularly,

of course. And then after news of a raid by the Bolsheviki which came out in the papers,—there—there was an awful silence. No news. No letter, day after day. My friends tried to help me by soliciting the aid of the Red Cross as well as the Government at Washington. But we could learn nothing—nothing. I tried to do my mental work, I tried to know that as the image of God he could not be in any danger, that God was in Russia the same as He was here, therefore no evil power could get to Nicholas. I had a practitioner work for weeks. Then one night two years ago I had a dreadful dream. I saw him in great danger and he gradually disappeared from my sight, sort of melted into the air. And when I awoke I was in a cold chill and perspiration, and later that day I had a letter from a Red Cross worker in Poland, saying he had traced a band of American and British soldiers who had gotten separated from the main company, and were pursued and—and—killed by the Bolsheviki. He added that of course Nicholas Louma was among that party. And so it ended!" she exclaimed, with an expressive gesture. "And I am still living with my sister's family. I have a small income of my own and I substitute at the reading room of our church, showing a smiling face to the world, but with an awful ache at my heart. I suppose I must not look for happiness in this world, that—"

"I don't see it that way, at all," interrupted Mrs. Fox decidedly. "What other world can you experience happiness in but the one you now live in? I fear we Scientists almost unconsciously put off much good to another world, or another plane, which we really expect to enter through death."

"If I had been his widow I could have gotten a better hearing with the Washington authorities. In law there is a vast difference between fiancée and widow. But I have tried to take up my life again and go on, as thousands of others have had to do. I don't make a great success of it—way inside! And the other night I had another vivid dream about him. I thought he came home, home to me, and we went apartment hunting. It was awful—to wake up!" Mrs. Fox noticed that her visitor was clenching her hands in the greatest distress, so she felt that quick, heroic measures were necessary.

"Regarding the dreams, dear," she said in a matter of fact tone, "The first one was simply the result of your weeks of anxiety; it pictured forth your greatest fear. Then this last one shows how persistently hope springs in the human breast. It pictured your greatest hope, namely, his safe return. I believe that is what will happen yet. I don't see that you have any proof whatever that he was killed by exposure or in

battle. You have only the opinion of that worker in Poland." Rose looked up startled. Could it be there was still a chance? Then a dark despair settled over her. "I do not want you to talk that way to me, Mrs. Fox. I don't dare hope any more."

"I know how you feel, dear child. But hope is our salvation. 'By hope are we saved,' you know. I believe you were sent to me because I have gained a new light on Christian Science, and I know it can help you. I am going to telephone Mr. Malcolm to see if he can come down and dine with us. He is the one you ought to talk to," and she picked up the receiver, but Rose caught her arm. "Wait a minute. Do you mean that disloyal practitioner named Malcolm? He has his office right in the building with one of our reading rooms, and palms himself off as a Christian Scientist. My own practitioner is on the floor above him and she often sees him in the elevator."

"What of that?" inquired Mrs. Fox with a smile. "If I were dying of thirst I wouldn't quibble over the looks or kind of a cup of water was brought to me in, or over the personality of the person who brought the cup. Water is what you want, and Mr. Malcolm has it. Take my advice. Let him offer it to you, at least. If you don't like the taste of it, and think it contaminated, you don't have to drink it. If I were in your place I,—

well, I wouldn't let *anything* strangle my hope. Your Nicholas is as anxious to see you as you are to see him, doubtless. What was it Mr. Malcolm said here last night?" and she puckered her brows in thought. "I have it. He said 'We can help or heal a person in China or a person whose whereabouts we do not know as well as though he were in this room with us'." Mrs. Fox repeated the words slowly and positively, then waited. After a moment she heard a faint voice saying tremulously, "You may ask him to come, please."

Mr. Malcolm detected in Mrs. Fox's tones that the occasion was an urgent one, that the invitation to dine was no ordinary one, and he felt he must answer this call for help if possible. So at seven that night, he found himself again in the same suite, but greeting a strange young woman who looked frightfully unhappy and as if she had been caught stealing something, by the mere fact of her presence in the room with him.

Mrs. Fox spared the girl the ordeal of retelling the story herself, and when he had gained the main facts he turned to Rose and said cheerfully, "As I see it, there is a possibility that he is still living on this plane with us. If he had disappeared in France or Belgium during the war I should think he had been killed, but as

it happened, he was in Russia, in *Russia,* where everything was topsy turvy, where there are practically no railroads in operation, where there was no stable government at the time, where anything might happen. If he were parted from his companions and survived all this time he might find himself in a remote peasant village, without any means of communication whatsoever. Do you know what it costs to get a letter through to America? It takes a small fortune in rubles for the mere postage. And then again, the very fact that he was a native Russian was greatly in his favor. He could palm himself off as a Bolshevist, if necessary to save his life." Rose's expression changed as he was talking and she watched him keenly as he sat in silent thought a few moments. The room was very still, and it seemed to the two ladies that they could *feel* mind, Mind, at work, and that work was correct thinking according to the divine facts of Life. Mrs. Fox had never had such an experience. The powerful force of Mentality, mentality at work in harmony with Good, with Truth, seemed pulsating through the room.

At length, they heard Mr. Fox open the hall door and his wife went to him immediately so that he would not disturb her guests. When alone with Rose, Mr. Malcolm said gently, "I will tell you, because you

are the one so vitally interested, that I have no sense that Mr. Louma is gone. I feel that he is living here and now. Of course I am not infallible, but I have learned that real Mind is omniscient, and when we cultivate our mentality to think and reason properly, we also learn to *sense* things, to have intuitions which I have found to be almost invariably correct. Jesus knew when Lazarus died without being told, as you will note by a careful reading of the story."

"What can I do?" inquired Rose tremulously, quite forgetting that she was consulting an 'unauthorized' teacher and practitioner. "I have tried so long to work on it, that I haven't any faith in my own work."

"That was partly the trouble, then. But probably you, like thousands of others, are a believer in Truth, instead of an understander. We have to understand radio, do we not, to install a 'set' and to operate it? I will give you some points which perhaps you have not thought of before, that is," he added with a kind twinkle, "if you wish me to. You know, perhaps, that I am not considered 'regular.' But neither was Jesus. He was called a glutton and a winebibber, and Paul and Peter were even imprisoned by the 'regulars.' Mrs. Eddy, too, had her mental crucifixion by orthodoxy. Now Mrs. Eddy's followers, or hosts of them, are in turn persecuting those who differ with them

in certain points. History has a way of repeating itself."

"I will tell you frankly, that I hesitated before letting Mrs. Fox telephone you. I had heard of you," she replied.

"Anything bad?"

"No—no. I even heard of a splendid case of healing you did last winter. But of course those things happen under a doctor sometimes."

Mr. Malcolm could not restrain a smile, as he replied, "Yes, indeed. Nature is determined to aid us on the road to health if we give her a chance. But in regard to your problem, I would propose that you let me handle it for a short time until you do some reading I shall outline for you. First, you must understand that you and Capt. Louma are units of the same great Consciousness, the One Mind, we study to learn about. He is a particle of the same mentality that you and I are, so he can really *only* be reached through mind. This we can do. You believe that, don't you?"

"I suppose so. It doesn't sound just as I've been taught, some way. We are reflections or images of God, of course. Not particles—God cannot be split up into fragments; He is One and indivisible."

For answer, Mr. Malcolm took from his pocket a

small gilt-edged book and turning to page seventy-eight of it began to read: "Jesus used the wind to typify Spirit, Mind, or Understanding, and we can do no better than use the air or wind to illustrate the truth of the oneness of Mind. Is the wind, air or atmosphere about us separate from that in other lands? Are we not all in, and do we not all breathe this same wind or air? Is the air in this room or in my lungs, separated from that which is outside? Is that which is in my lungs my own personal possession? * * * * * No! must be the answer to all these questions, for although I may use it individually, yet it is not mine to retain, neither can I permanently destroy it, for it is self-purifying. So with Spirit, or Mind. All may partake of It, all may possess It, none can retain It as his own, although all are in touch with It. Through It, therefore, all are inseparably linked together through and by Spirit, although all seem separate human beings." Rose listened intently. "How marvelously clear! Which of Mrs. Eddy's books is that in? I don't remember it. I wish I had seen that before. It simplifies matters."

"Mr. William W. Walter wrote that in his book 'The Sickle.' Before you read that, I want you to study these little booklets I brought for you, also go by yourself once every hour if possible, (and it *is*)

—and realize, get the *sense,* that *All is Good;* that even the Bolsheviki are of the same mental substance you are. Stress strongly that *All is Good,* God is All-in-all. The cruelty and revenge expressed by the Russians now are the result of centuries of oppression. Feel compassionate towards them. Captain Louma is receiving now our loving thoughts which, since they are based upon the absolute Science of Life, will protect and free him."

Mrs. Fox tapped at the door and announced that dinner was served, and soon Rose found herself talking freely to her host whom she now saw for the first time. Mr. Fox had been in Russia some years before, in the interests of a large oil concern, and he could tell her many things of the customs and people which held her attention.

"Nicholas came to this country when a child of ten," Rose said, "so his recollections were vague. But he always loved Russia and read and spoke the language at every chance. As Mr. Malcolm says that may have been of help to him."

"Undoubtedly. And now, Miss Northup, let me warn you not to be disturbed by anything Mr. Malcolm says regarding Christian Science or regarding anything he asks you to read. This is your only hope of reaching Mr. Louma, isn't it?"

She nodded, as the tears welled up in her eyes. "If I could be sure he was not dead—or passed on, I should say."

"If he has gone, Mr. Malcolm's work will not hurt him, and if he is still with us on this earth, it will reach him I verily believe." Mr. Fox said this so positively that it carried conviction to Rose, and she looked up gratefully. "I believe you are quite right."

After the dinner was over Mr. Malcolm said he must leave at once so as to get to work, and Rose begged to be excused too, as she had promised to meet her sister at their church. "I shall get in in time for the testimonies," she said, adding, "Won't you accompany me, good friends?"

Mrs. Fox thought for a moment, and then said, "Yes, I will go gladly. Come Willard, get your hat. Perhaps we will hear an experience that will help us. Some one else may have a lost loved one restored."

The second hymn was being sung as they entered the edifice. It was one of Mrs. Eddy's, and the words:

> "And wake a white-winged angel throng
> Of thoughts, illumed by faith, and
> Breathed in raptured song,
> With love perfumed."

resounded from the hundreds of throats as they

walked down the aisle, and Rose turned to Mrs. Fox with face illumined. "I feel as though I had sent that angel throng tonight to rescue Nicholas."

"You have, my dear, you have. Mr. Malcolm is sending them right now."

CHAPTER VIII.

Digging For Hid Treasure.

Beatrice Rochelle spent all the time when her husband was absorbed in radio studies and experiments, in reading the literature recommended by Mr. Malcolm. She found it intensely interesting and she purchased much of it to take with her to Stratford, where she felt they must go soon, for Aunt Delia was getting insistent in her letters that they come at once. She, too, was getting impatient to see Aunt Delia and the friends among the townspeople, after her long absence. But Henri was reluctant to leave New York and its sources of information on the two subjects nearest his heart.

Mrs. Fox had arranged a meeting between Beatrice and Rose Northup, and they often walked and talked together after meeting at Mr. Malcolm's. Rose finally told Beatrice her little life story and how it had led her to Mr. Malcolm. "What do you think of it?" she asked one day. "I know it has given me the greatest hope and courage. My sister asked me today what I had done to make me look so much better."

"I think that the very fact that it did lead you to

Mr. Malcolm shows that he can work it out. He did wonderful things before, with what he now calls his former 'faith-science,' but now with the inner meaning of Mind and Life and God's allness made plain to us by Mr. Walter, I have not the least doubt of his success,—and yours. I have been doing some thinking while you were telling me the story. You know I was abroad three years in relief work, and I know many workers all over the stricken districts. I am recalling particularly a Dr. and Mrs. Goodman who are still in Smyrna. I will write them of Nicholas. They may be able to get word of him through some other workers in the Caucasus or Constantinople. The refugees are continually coming in with all sorts of news bits."

Rose grasped her arm convulsively. "Do you know, Mr. Malcolm told me yesterday to keep realizing the truth in Revelation, 'Behold! I have set before thee an open door.' I have repeated it and repeated it nearly every waking minute since, till I have gotten quite a strong feeling that there *is* an open door in front of Nicholas."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Beatrice eagerly. "Come, let's go tell Mr. Malcolm my plan."

But Mr. Malcolm did not favor writing to the Goodmans, he proposed cabling at once. "Things

sometimes move rapidly over there," he said. "Let us do our part speedily." So they wrote out the cable message and sent it off at once, and the two girls left the building in an exalted mood, sure that they had set in motion, at Truth's bidding, the human agency which would aid in the rescue, or would bring some definite word of Nicholas' fate. "Your persistent work opened the door," said Beatrice as she left Rose. "And now we must have faith in our work more than ever, the kind we have when we plant our gardens in the spring. The faith that knows and expects the seeds to grow."

When Beatrice reached the hotel she found that she had had a telephone call from Stratford, so, somewhat alarmed, she called the operator and asked to be connected with her aunt's home. Henri was not back from Newark. How she wished he were there with her! She was answered by a strange voice. "Yes, this was Mrs. Delia Rowe's home. This was the nurse speaking. Mrs. Rowe had had a bad fall and would Mrs. Rochelle come as soon as she could? No, nothing dangerous to her life. A fractured hip, that was all."

"That was all!" ejaculated Beatrice as she rang off. "I must go up the first thing in the morning," and she began to pack at once. Henri did not come,

and at six o'clock she called up Mr. Malcolm and told him what had happened. She would not see him again before leaving, but she and Henri would surely be in town again before going back to Switzerland to go through a class with him. "Just give me a parting thought to take with me, please," she begged. "I know just how I shall be swamped with error when I reach Stratford under these conditions. My aunt is old fashioned, and,—" "And an unbeliever in Science?" asked Mr. Malcolm. "Well, rather," returned Beatrice drily. "I will read to you a sentence from the First Edition of the great book we all love. That which its author names 'The Precious volume'." Beatrice understood perfectly that he was reading from Science and Health as originally written, when the divine hand had guided her pen and she was led into a new world of light and Spirit.

"Now listen carefully. 'Jesus knew that the body is but a reflex shadow of immortal Soul, also that it is impossible to lose this, for, as the Scripture saith, it is the image of God.' You well know a shadow cannot be broken, especially if it is the reflection of 'immortal Soul.' So there is your standpoint from which to work. Go with the understanding of what her body is, and then if you correct her thinking, the shadow *must* do likewise."

It seemed easy to Beatrice when Mr. Malcolm was talking to her and she was a hundred miles from Stratford, but when she reached her aunt's bedside, saw the nurse and doctor, heard the groans of pain and felt the heavy, pessimistic atmosphere, it needed all her courage and understanding to cope with it all. Henri proved to be a tower of strength, and all his spare time was spent in reading Mr. Walter's books and the writings of a few other authors who wrote from his viewpoint. Mrs. Rowe's husband had been a clergyman of the Congregationalist faith and Henri pored over his library also, and now and then he would call Beatrice and read to her a gem he had found. One Sunday afternoon while Aunt Delia was having a nap, Henri asked his wife, "Did you ever think why Mrs. Eddy chose those particular verses from the Bible to be read at each service? I mean John: 3:1-3. It reads, you know, 'Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be.' Isn't that remarkable? Don't you suppose she trusted that some of her followers would get the inner meaning?"

"Henri, I never thought of that. How smart you are!"

"No indeed. I got that from Mr. Walter. But I want to read you a little bit I found in this book of

your uncle's. It is called 'The Epistles of St. John' by Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., Bishop of Durham England. It contains the Greek text with notes and essays. While I am not a Greek scholar there are many Latin notes and those I can understand. Bishop Westcott says the text of the epistles is contained in Greek, Old Lain, Latin Vulgate, Syriac, Egyptian, Armenian and Aethopic manuscripts. He sums up the three verses we are speaking of as, 'The position present and future of the children of God.' He translates them thus from the Greek, 'Behold (See), what manner of love the Father hath given to us, that we should be called children of God:—and such we are. For this cause the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not. Beloved, now are we children of God, and it is not yet manifested what we shall be. We know that if he shall be manifested, we shall be like him, because we shall see him even as he is. And every one that hath this hope on him purifieth himself even as he is pure.' He goes on to say: 'Children of God,' not 'sons of God,' which comes from the Latin. The thought here is of the community of nature with the prospect of development (compare 2 Peter i:4) and not of the position of privilege.' He also says farther on, 'The image in which we were made will then be consummated in the likeness to

which it was the divine purpose that we should attain.' 'In treating of this final transfiguration the Greek Fathers did not scruple to speak of men as being "deified," though the phrase sounds strange to our ears. (Athan. de Inc. Verbi iv No. 22).' Isn't that interesting, Beatrice?"

"It certainly is. Let me read it for myself." She read it all carefully, and then began aloud, "'The likeness to which it was the divine purpose that we should attain.' It was St. John who quoted Jesus as saying, 'Is it not written in your law, I said, Ye are gods? If he called them gods unto whom the word of God came, and the scriptures cannot be broken; Say ye of him, whom the Father hath sanctified, and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest; because I said, I am the Son of God?' Oh, Henri, how glad I am that I persisted in hunting up Mr. Malcolm for he has opened up a new world to me."

"To us," said Henri reverently. "Now there is one more place I want to read you. 'Carissimi, Dilectissimi, Beloved.' How sweet that sounds," continued Henri, "in the Latin! It is like our words Dearest or Dearest Ones. Then Bishop Westcott goes on to say, 'John in the spirit of love addresses those who with him look forward to the issue of love. In doing this he takes up the words which he has just used,

half in personal reflection. 'Yes, now are we children, with the promise of mature development.' He will not be anything essentially different hereafter, but he will be what he is now essentially, more completely, though in ways wholly beyond our powers of imagination."

"Splendid," exclaimed Beatrice; "that is like Mrs. Eddy's phrase in the foreword of the Church Manual, 'Absolute doctrines destined for future generations.' Mr. Walter makes it so clear that humanity is in the *child* position now, a very infantile thought, yet that there are unlimited possibilities ahead of us, even the Father position, where we see that mentality is cause, or father. Henri, I believe there used to be an old copy of Science and Health in two volumes here in the Christian Science reading room. I am going down there tomorrow and have a look for it. If it isn't there I will ask Mrs Cartwright what has become of it."

"Who is she? The local general?"

"Why, Henri! We don't have such things in a *Church!*"

"O—O—h!" exclaimed her husband with a prolonged inflection.

"Mrs. Cartwright is the advertised practitioner here. She has a general oversight of things in this

field. We will go down there tomorrow, you and I, and have a look at what there is in the room."

"Yes. Perhaps we can find something more definite about how we must think of the body. You used to tell me before we came to America that we must know we are incorporeal, that is bodiless. I can't quite understand that. If mind is cause, must it not always have an effect? If thoughts are things, won't they always cast a shadow?"

"It isn't really clear to me. It would seem just as you say, Henri. But I would feel much better if I could see that Mrs. Eddy said so."

"I thought you would feel that way. Now, with me, the question is, 'Is it *so?*' "

"Well, you are a born scientific investigator, Henri. Did you ever read the Apochrypha to the Bible, that collection of writings which the compilers rejected as being—as being—inadvisable to include in the Holy Canon?"

"Unauthorized, are they? No, I never did. Give me a look at them."

Beatrice took down from an upper shelf a large Family Bible and turned to the Apochryphal writings which were placed between the Old and the New testaments. "What!" exclaimed Henri, in surprise, "They are printed *in* the Bible? I never saw one before."

"No, they don't seem to do it now. But nearly all the very old Bibles have them in. I wonder why they gave up the practice."

Henri was busily scanning the pages. "Listen to this from the seventh chapter of The Wisdom of Solomon:

'7. Wherefore I prayed, and understanding was given me: I called upon God, and the spirit of wisdom came to me.

10. I loved her above health and beauty, and chose to have her instead of light: for the light that cometh from her never goeth out.

11. All good things together came to me with her, and innumerable riches in her hands.

12. And I rejoiced in them all, because wisdom goeth before them: and I knew not that she was the mother of them'."

"Mr. Malcolm said that Wisdom was his favorite name for God. 'Wisdom goeth before them:' that is, one must have wise, right thoughts first, then the demonstrations follow," said Beatrice thoughtfully.

"Yes," said her husband. Isn't it interesting? I will go on."

'13. I learned diligently and do communicate her liberally: I do not hide her riches.

14. For she is a treasure unto men, that never

faileth: which they that use become the friends of God, being commended for the gifts that come from learning.

15. God hath granted me to speak as I would, and to conceive as is meet for the things that are given me.

21. And all such things as are either secret or manifest, them I know.

22. For wisdom, which is the worker of all things, taught me: for in her is an understanding spirit, holy, one only, manifest, subtil, lively, clear, undefiled, plain, not subject to hurt, loving the thing that is good, quick, which cannot be letted, ready to do good.

23. Kind to man, steadfast, sure, free from care, having all power, overseeing all things, and going through all understanding, pure and most subtil spirits.

24. For wisdom is more moving than any motion: she passeth and goeth through all things by reason of her pureness.

25. For she is the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty: therefore can no defiled thing fall into her.

26. For she is the brightness of the everlasting

light, the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of his goodness.

27. And being but one, she can do all things: * * * * *

29. For she is more beautiful than the sun, and above all the order of stars: being compared with the light, she is found before it.'

'1. Wisdom reacheth from one end to another mightily: and sweetly doth she order all things.

4. For she is privy to the mysteries of the knowledge of God, and a lover of his works.

5. If riches be a possession to be desired in this life; what is richer than wisdom, that worketh all things?

6. And if prudence work; who of all that are, is a more cunning workman than she?

9. Therefore I purposed to take her to live with me, knowing that she would be a counsellor of good things, and a comfort in cares and grief.

13. Moreover by the means of her I shall obtain immortality'."

"What is the matter with that? It sounds pretty good to me," continued Henri. "Solomon was some metaphysician. When one realizes that this wisdom spoken of is understanding of the facts of Being such

as we are now learning, it makes it even clearer."

A few minutes later he exclaimed, "Look here, Beatrice. Do you remember in Mr. Walter's book 'The Unknown God' where he explains what are the seven faculties of mind,—hearing, seeing, feeling, tasting, smelling, and reason and understanding?" She nodded "Yes."

"Listen to this from Ecclesiasticus, seventeenth chapter, and remember that 'the Lord' really means Mentality or Mind: 'The Lord created man of the earth, * * * * * And put the fear of man upon all flesh, and gave them dominion over beasts and fowls. They received the use of the five operations of the Lord, and in the sixth place he imparted them understanding, and in the seventh speech, an interpreter of the cogitations thereof. Counsel, and a tongue, and eyes, ears, and a heart, gave he them to understand. Withal he filled them with the knowledge of understanding.' There is much more of interest here, but you can read it for yourself later. It helps me to see that the old metaphysicians had wonderful glimpses of mind's power. 'An interpreter of the cogitations thereof!' What is that, but the ability to judge right or form correct conclusions following proper reasoning."

The next afternoon Beatrice and Henri went to

the reading room and told the lady in charge that they wanted to look for a book that used to be there. She inquired if she could help them and when she learned what book it was, she said she remembered seeing two small green books on a shelf in the closet. They got a chair and climbed up to find it, and soon Beatrice triumphantly brought forth two volumes of the eleventh edition of Science and Health, and she and Henri spent the afternoon studying them. Henri stepped over to his wife's side and whispered, "Read those few lines there on page 180, Volume 1." She read with surprise: "Your body is spiritual and perfect in every part, harmonious in every action; and let this model appear to your thoughts instead of the sick model." "That certainly answers our query as to what Mrs. Eddy taught about our bodies, doesn't it?" said Beatrice with a satisfied smile.

"Yes indeed," replied her husband. Then he turned to page 211 and pointed to "Life is the law of Soul, and Soul is never without its body or representative; therefore body can no more die than Soul, and both are immortal." "Henri, I am amazed! Oh, why were these plain, clear statements taken out!"

"Are you satisfied now?" he asked in a whisper. "For if not, I have found one more. Read this on page 212, same volume. "She read:

"There is no life, substance, or intelligence in matter, all is mind, there is no matter. Mind is immortal; therefore its embodiment is immortal, and this embodiment is mind, and no more matter in the waking hours than when it acts, walks, sees, feels, enjoys, or suffers in the dream of sleep. Remember there is no mortal mind wherewith to make a mortal body out of the beliefs of death, sickness and sin. There is but one, the unerring and immortal, and this one contains no mortal views." Beatrice impulsively caught up the book and walked over to Mrs. Grey who was in charge of the room that day. "Mrs Grey, did you ever study these little books? Just read that! And see how clear it is! You had a veritable prize tucked away on that closet shelf."

Mrs. Grey took the book and read the passages Beatrice indicated, a look of perplexity growing on her face. "Why, can this be by Mrs. Eddy?" she exclaimed aloud, turning to the title page. "Yes, By Mary Baker G. Eddy. How strange, but how splendid! I am going to spend the rest of the time after you go in studying them." And Beatrice returned to her reading.

In Volume Two she read on the second page: "When we become Spirit we shall have but one Mind, for there is no room for more if that One *is infinite.*

Do we yet understand that saying, 'I and Father are one'? We must reckon the I from the standpoint of a Principle, and leave the form, as it is the reflection of life and intelligence." "The question today is, whether the 'I' is Principle or person, Soul or body, God or man." "Henri," she whispered, "I am in awe before Mr. Walter, to think he should have brought all 'these things to our remembrance.' They were in plain print, but we didn't see them. The books have been shoved aside on top shelves and in closets." She continued to read, and finally jotted down on a piece of paper the following to send to Rose Northup as it touched on her problem:

Vol. 2, page 8. "The telegraphy of mind speaking to mind should claim no electricity and need no wires. Metaphysical Science acknowledges no matter or electricity. * * * * * Truth pervades all space, needing no material method of transmitting its messages; we only know it blesses man, but 'cannot tell whence it cometh.' * * * * * 'Soul sends despatches everywhere, but the electric wire can only carry to Europe a submarine whisper, foreshadowing metaphysical science. Little by little thought must give up its materiality, and become spiritual."

Same volume, page 15. "To know the past, present, and future is the office of intelligence; yea, it is the everpresent Truth."

CHAPTER IX.

Moonlight In Russia.

Rose Northup had just finished reading the above quotations in Beatrice's letter the following evening when she was annoyed by her brother-in-law's tapping on the door and saying, "You are wanted below, Rose." She was annoyed because the message contained in the letter had renewed her enthusiasm and faith in Mr. Malcolm's work, and she had determined to spend the evening in further study and work, for Mr. Malcolm had that very afternoon given her a line of thought to study out, and ponder. He had told her to take Jesus' instructions literally, to "believe that ye have received," to believe, even to delineate to herself the rescue of Nicholas, or at least news of his fate. So when her brother called her she was vastly disappointed, and opened the door reluctantly. She was greeted by a hurried exclamation, "Rose, you have the queerest callers below. I came up to tell you myself, for if you don't know anything about them and don't care to see them I will get rid of them at once. I don't like the appearance of the man at all. The girl does well enough."

"Describe them to me. Didn't they give any names?" asked Rose in wonder.

"No, they wouldn't give any names. Said you wouldn't know them. The man is an old Jew, I am sure. The young woman calls him 'Father.' Maybe you have made their acquaintance in the reading room. Although they look to me as if they came from the lower East side. I was almost afraid to leave them alone in the room."

"Afraid, Ralph?" smiled Rose. "Aren't you a Christian Scientist?"

"Yes, but there is a time and place for all things. Well, are you coming? Or shall I show them the door?"

Rose hesitated a moment, then said, "I will see them. Perhaps they need help."

A minute later she was facing an elderly man in shabby clothes and wearing a long beard. He left the daughter to do the talking, who began in fairly good English: "You don't know us. Your name, ees eet Miss Rose Northup?" Rose bowed. "And yours," asked Rose. "My name eet ees Rose, also. Rose Ivanovna Tschikonoff, and this ees my husband's father, Boris Tschikonoff. We bring you somet'ing." "Russians," thought Rose, her mind in a whirl. She sank down on a seat nearby. "Be seated," she said faintly. The girl sat down, but the old man still stood twirling his tall black hat in his fingers. "My hus-

band, Michael, was his only son. We married two months before Michael he went to the war. He was captured by the Germans early in the winter, three years ago, and turned over to the Russian Bolshevists. He was imprisoned, and made his escape at last, and the relief workers in Constantinople got him aboard a boat sailing for America a year ago." Here the girl began crying softly. Rose steadied herself to bear what might be coming by leaning against the back of the chair and gripping the arms with both hands. The room was whirling around before her eyes, and she tried to think connectedly. "Go on," she pleaded. "I see you are the one," said the girl with aggravating slowness, wiping her eyes. "Michael, he die on the ship. His t'ings were sent to me and to him," pointing to the old man, who still stood uneasily twirling his hat in his great hands, and eyeing Rose.

"Yes, you must be the one," repeated the girl staring at Rose. "His t'ings they come a year ago. Only a handful. A letter written to me on shipboard, a few clothes given him by the kind ladies in Constantinople, and a long envelope containing this that I bring you. I put it away for I didn't know what to do with it. I work all day making vests and pants, and last night my boss he send me to deliver a package, and I lost the address. I was scared, and then I

thought of the city directory, so I went in a drug store and asked to see one. I opened it to the 'Ns' and there, right in front of my eyes, was your name, Rose Northup. I was so surprised I forgot for a couple of minutes to look for the name I wanted. I found that, then I copied off your address and told Father of it when I got home. We got the paper out and he said he would come and see you. We had to wait till I got through my work tonight, so we come. So here we are, Mees Rose Northup. And I see by your face, you must be the one we look for. We never thought you might be here in New York."

Rose reached a trembling hand for the long, grimy, rumpled envelope and waited a minute for courage to open it. It was unsealed and she drew forth a sheet of music paper covered with the words and music of a song. At the top was written "With apologies to Rubenstein." Below this the title "MOONLIGHT IN RUSSIA" and in a very fine hand "Dedicated to Miss Rose Northup." Then came the music and words, a single verse, but all written in Nicholas Louma's own handwriting.

"When did you say, *when* did you say you got this?" stammered Rose excitedly.

"About a year ago. That was all there was to it."

"And you have had this a whole year, right here in

New York, and I didn't know it!" moaned Rose, her face sinking in her hands. "You didn't tell me!"

"I sorry," said the girl. "I didn't know where this Rose Northup live. You know the man who wrote that leetle song?"

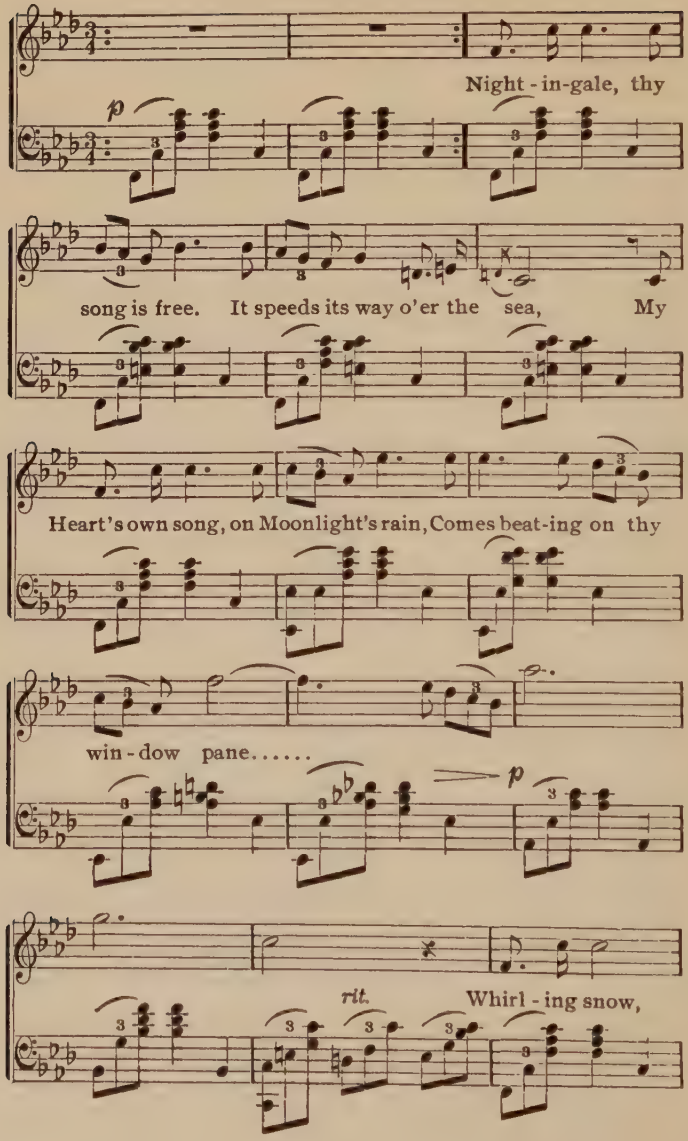
But Rose, for the first time in her life, had quietly fainted. The two callers gave an exclamation of dismay, and Ralph Potter, who had not gone far from the hall door, hurried in. The Russian girl excitedly explained their errand, and picked up the soiled envelope, and the sheet of music paper, asserting volubly that they had not hurt the young lady, they only brought her what was hers.

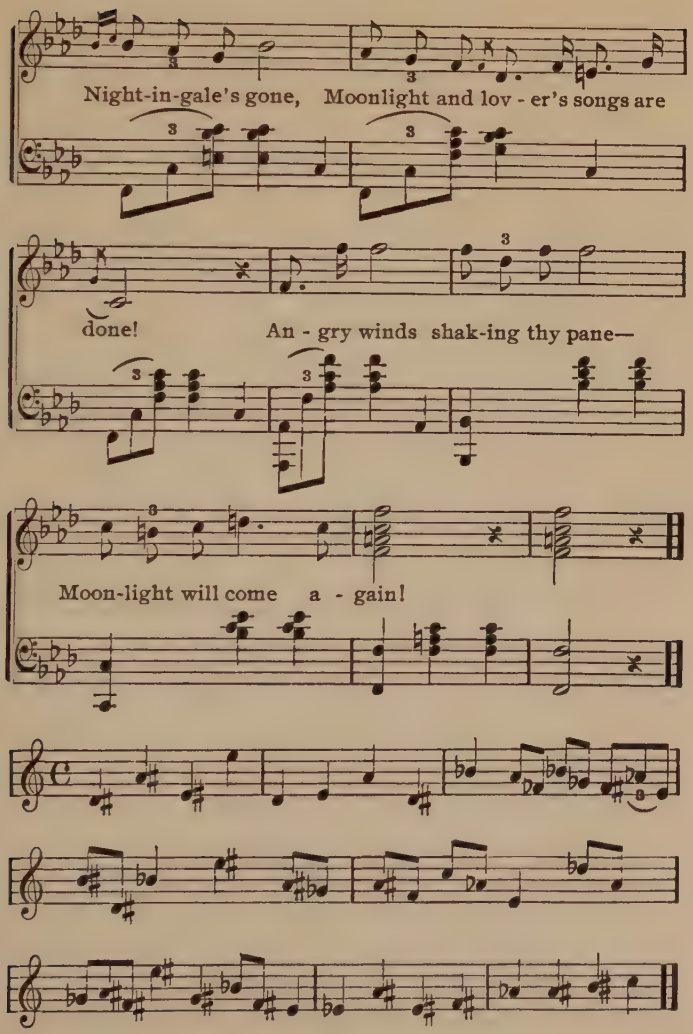
Ralph pushed her aside, barely glancing at the song, and called his wife, who came hurrying in response to his urgent tone. She opened the windows, loosened her sister's dress, then said, "I must telephone for help. She has taken a great fancy to a Mr. Malcolm lately. I don't know him, but I will call him. She doesn't confide in me any more." She bustled away to the telephone, and Ralph ushered the two Russians into the hall, and telling them to wait, he went back, picked up the paper and this is what he read:

With apologies to Rubinstein.

Moonlight in Russia.

Dedicated to Miss Rose Northup.




Night-in-gale's gone, Moonlight and lov - er's songs are
done!
An - gry winds shak-ing thy pane—
Moon-light will come a - gain!

"Hm!" said Ralph as he hastily read over the words. "Some poetry! If I couldn't rhyme things better than that I'd leave it to some one who could. I don't see anything to make Rose topple over like that." He looked down at the still form and as he did so he noticed a slight movement at the hall door. The portiere moved and the Russian girl slipped into the room.

She quickly knelt by Rose and began chafing her hands. "I know," she said looking up at Ralph Potter, "what eet ees to lose the one you love. My man he die in the way home to me. Him that wrote the music, I t'ink him and my Michael were together in prison. I don't exactly know. I only t'ink. My Michael's letter eet say nothing of that man. You know him, that man, that poet?" she pointed with one hand to the music, with the other patted Rose's cheek. Ralph pursed his mouth and then said "Slightly. That is, if it is the one I think it is. An old admirer of this young lady, my sister."

"I t'ink she admire him too, no? She faint when she see the letter. For of course, eet *ees* a letter in the disguise, what you call eet?—in the disguise of a song. You onnerstand, if you in a prison in Russia, or even if you a suspect, you cannot send letter through the post the way you can here," and she smiled grimly at

certain recollections.

"Well Ralph, at last I've gotten Mr. Malcolm on the 'phone," said Mrs. Potter bustling in. "His voice sounded rather nice. Quite refined, you know, in spite of, of what we've heard. How is Rose? She looks better. Why! She is opening her eyes! Rose, Rose, my dear. You are all right. You are feeling better, aren't you? You had a surprise or something, you know, and fainted. But God's reflection is never touched by these errors, and now you had better sit up and forget about it. I will dismiss your guests, and then put you to bed."

"Dismiss my guests! Joan Potter! You *will* not! Yes, I had rather of a surprise. You would think so if you had a message from Ralph for the first time in years, and you had thought he was dead. My dear," turning to the other girl, "Sit down and tell me everything you know about the music and even the envelope. I want every word."

In a few words Rose Ivanovna told her meagre tale, that the music enclosed in this very envelope had been found in her husband's coat and was sent to her, who puzzled over it a little after the shock of her Michael's death had begun to wear off. Neither she nor Father, nor the Greek priest to whom she had shown it could decide what to do with it, except to keep it, so she

had put it behind their *Ikon,* their sacred picture, for safe keeping, "Et Voila!" she concluded in excellent French.

Rose studied the music, the words, the writing carefully, then took down the address of the girl and her father, and opened a purse at her side.

"No, no," exclaimed Rose Ivanovna quickly. "No money from you. I could not take it. I glad to bring you the music." She hesitated, then said shyly, "Would you play it for me some time? I have looked at it so many times, pulled it out from behind the *Ikon* and wondered how it sounded, I love to hear it. The words are of a beauty, I t'ink. They begin all sweet, song going out free from a heart imprisoned. Going to you, like the nightingale's voice in June in our Russia. Then the storms come. No birds. No moonlight. No song tapping at your window pane. But," and here she shook her finger at Rose, "Your man has made a beautiful ending. He say 'Moonlight will come again!' Ees eet not so?" and she turned her lovely eyes up to Ralph. He was clearing his throat and scuffing his feet on the soft rug uneasily. Some way this Russian girl had a way with her that gripped his throat. She was plaintive, she was naive, she was—

Just here the door bell rang and suddenly remem-

bering that he had left the old man alone in the hall, Ralph Potter went out just in time to see Mr. Malcolm being ushered in. He remembered having had him pointed out to him some time before as being a convert to some other teaching. So he was uneasy now to see him entering his own house, and to think he was going to minister to Rose. But Mr. Malcolm stepped forward with outstretched hand, and said pleasantly, "Mr. Potter? My name is Malcolm. Your sister has need of me, has she?"

"Yes, that is, she did. She seems all right now." He put his hand on the old Russian's shoulder and guided him to the door, and together the trio entered the drawingroom. "What next?" breathed Joan Potter to herself as she saw them come in. "My husband and that renegade Scientist and a little old Russian Jew! Well, it's all Rose's fault. She always did like the queerest people. Used to feed the hand-organ man and even the *monkey* when he would come down our block years ago."

The great news was soon told to Mr. Malcolm, who was all attention, and who asked some pertinent questions of the two visitors. No, they did not know what prison Michael had been in.

"We will cable this to Dr. Goodman," he said, turning to Rose. "It is very important. Now we

know he was not shot. A year ago he was alive. And I believe he is still waiting and hoping we can rescue him. Let me see the music, please." He studied it thoughtfully, finally beginning to hum.

"It goes very well till I get to those last two lines, but they are—they are un-singable! Perfectly incomprehensible! Sharps and flats thrown about regardless of any principle. Tell me, was Mr. Louma some what of a musician? I judge so by his being able to write this."

"He was a passionate lover of music, and had studied it a little," replied Rose. "We often played and sang his favorite Russian composers a whole evening. Rubinstein was a great favorite. Nicholas was a man all fire and imagination, yet calm and courageous and quiet outside. One did not really know him until after a year's close acquaintance. This song looks like Rubinstein's BARCAROLE, or an adaptation from it. Of course the words are Nicholas' own."

"Would it be possible for you to play and sing it?" asked Mr. Malcolm "or is it asking too much?" Rose went to the piano and placed the music on the rack. Then she stopped, quite overcome. Mr. Malcolm stepped to her side. "Remember, you are doing just what he wants you to do, by playing it. We must discover if there is any inner meaning. Of course there

is. If I were in your place I would be so very happy to have it, to think I had had a message from him, to think our Christian Science work had uncovered and brought it to you, that I—I—would throw my window wide open and let the moonlight in, and thank God for it!" By this time Rose had recovered her poise and with a wistful smile turned to the audience of four and said "I will try, but my voice is not that of a nightingale."

She played the opening bars and as she did so, stopped and exclaimed "How we loved this movement and the plaintive quality of the Barcarole. We used to say it was mis-named, and we re-named it several times. Now, he calls it 'MOONLIGHT IN RUSSIA'."

"As seen through prison bars," uttered the old man in a deep voice. They were the first words he had spoken, and a hush fell on all as they involuntarily pictured to themselves the scene Nicholas must have had before him as he wrote. Even Joan Potter wiped her eyes.

Rose's voice began bravely and continued till she came to the interlude and she saw ahead of her the words "Whirling snow. Nightingales gone." She gave a little appealing glance at Mr. Malcolm who instantly struck in with her and his fine baritone rang out triumphantly at the end, "Moonlight will come

again!" "You see," he said, "the composer closed his song in the major key abruptly. That is the way we should do. Close our reasoning on any subject in the major or optimistic key. It is the grand Truth that heals, not the denials."

The little Russian Rose left her seat and clasping her hands came up to the American Rose saying passionately, "I would give anyt'ing, anyt'ing, to have the hope you have—to see your man again. I t'ink you will. But my Michael, he gone. I never see him any more."

The old man with the long gray beard groaned and dropped his hat unheeded to the floor. Mrs. Potter toyed with her string of beads and her husband frowned and gnawed his moustache.

"Your husband has not gone any where, dear child," said Mr. Malcolm. "The part you loved was mind, soul, was it not? That hasn't changed. That loves you and thinks of you just the same. And you can think of him. So although you cannot touch him, you can still hear his voice, and see him in mind, can you not? To you he is alive, as *he is*. There is no real death to mind. He was never *in* a body. The part you love is still unchanged, it is still invisible, as it always was. You never saw it when he was here in New York, did you?" The girl was transfixed, leaning for-

ward gazing straight at the speaker as if she could never hear enough of this kind of talk. "The YOU of yourself is always invisible, it is mind, thought, consciousness. That will never change, except to grow more beautiful, to unfold more and more like your name, a lovely Rose. Michael, too, is unfolding with you. You will see him again."

"Tell me more," breathed the girl, her eyes never leaving Mr. Malcolm's face.

"You and Michael are like two lovely flowers growing on the same stalk. Michael went up a little higher than you and at last he looked over a wall and you didn't see him after that, but you are still growing together on the same bush. The same life, energy and intelligence is flowing through you both For Life is God, and God is all, and there is no death in Life." The girl arose, motioned to her father-in-law, and said "Come, now we go. We brought good and we take good away with us. And I must go home and *t'ink,* t'ink about Michael, growing on the same life as me. Same bush, same rose, same color, same perfume. I satisfied. T'ank you very mush. I come 'gain Mees Rose Northup, and see your man when he come from Russia. Good night."

The old man raised his hands as if in benediction and said "Good speech here to-night. Better than we hear in Russian church. T'ank you."

Ralph found himself actually shaking their hands at the door and saying "I hope you will come again." "Oh, yes, we come see Nicholas," smiled the girl as she guided the old man down the steps, and with a wave of her hand they were gone.

"If I had more time I would gladly stay and help you unravel the snarl at the end of the song, Miss Northup," said Mr. Malcolm looking at his watch, "but I have important things to do elsewhere, and I know you can do it before you sleep tonight. You know you are intelligence, and mind knows just what to do and how to do it."

Rose retired to her room again, and as she entered it and lighted the gas log she recalled how impatient she had felt when Ralph had tapped at her door to tell her she had some queer callers below. Suppose she had refused to see them! Suppose Rose Ivanovna had been turned away from her door bearing the precious envelope forever out of her reach! With a shudder she sank down on a low seat by the fire and with the song clasped in her hands she settled down to think, to think hopefully, to think scientifically. What was it Jesus had said? "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed nothing shall be impossible unto you." "When ye ask believe that ye receive and ye shall have." What could be plainer metaphysics

than that? "Ye shall not only do this that I have done to the fig-tree, but if ye shall say to this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; It shall be done. And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." "There seems to be no limit," mused Rose as her faith soared on the Master's words. Again He said, "For verily I say unto you, That whosoever * * * * shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith. Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." "Then," pursued Rose, "in order, in *order* to receive we must be singleminded, have mental steadfastness first. If our desires will harm no one else, if they are good and happy desires I must claim that I know I will have them, for mentality alone creates, and by doubting and fearing that we won't get our desires fulfilled we kill them ourselves, for 'he shall have whatsoever he saith,' right or wrong, what we want or what we don't want." It was plain to her as she sat there what a transformation her mind had undergone in the last few weeks since Mrs. Fox had first visited the reading room and led her to Mr. Malcolm. Previously her thought had wavered between "I want" and "I am

afraid I can't have," between "Perhaps God has willed it thus and so," and "No good thing does He withhold from them who walk uprightly." Wavering, she saw, never got anyone anywhere. "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. Let not that man think he shall receive anything of the Lord."

She knew that in order to heat an oven a steadfast heat must be maintained, to freeze water a certain temperature must constantly prevail. So in the realm of Mind, a solid mental conviction that because right thought has all power, if ye "believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass, he shall have whatsoever he saith," this solid, steadfast state of mind, understanding, will be objectified as the answer to your prayer or mental work. With this settled, Rose went to work in earnest, knowing that Intelligence was quite equal to solving the riddle of Nicholas' song.

CHAPTER X.

An Evening in Stratford.

Before Henri and Beatrice had left New York, Mr. Malcolm had told them of the wonderful book written by Mr. Walter in which he had given the truth about Life, about God and man, in plain language, and he had allowed them to read extracts from it. "The Sickle," said Beatrice, looking at the cover. "What a strange title! May we have a copy to take with us to Stratford." Mr. Malcolm told them that the book was not for sale in the ordinary way, but that he could order one for them, since he could recommend them as honest seekers and thinkers. Accordingly, they eagerly awaited its coming, and when Henri brought in a package from the post office one evening, they could hardly wait to open it when they saw it was the book. Aunt Delia was dozing in her bed, just through the open doorway from where they were sitting. Henri opened the book and skimming through the Introduction read aloud a couple of paragraphs from it to Beatrice.

"Listen, petite, this suits me. The author says, 'I have experimented in this metaphysical work with as much care as any chemist ever exercised in his most

painstaking tests. Every experiment in my work has been carefully watched and noted, and after years of conscientious study and practice, a sure foundation has been acquired, and also ability to present the facts on which this foundation rests, so clearly that anyone willing to apply himself diligently to this study as he would to the study of music or mathematics, can gain an understanding of the Science of Life. He can demonstrate what he has learned of this Science only so far as he has progressed in his knowledge, the same as would be true of music or mathematics.' Isn't that fine, and sensible too? Demonstrate what we know! I am reminded of Portia's saying in The Merchant of Venice: 'If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages prince's palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching'."

Their reading was soon interrupted by sounds from the adjoining bedroom.

"Seems to me," said Aunt Delia querulously, "you aren't awfully anxious to heal my fractured hip. Here I am laid up just when you've come home, and the doctor says it may be a year before I can walk with-

out a cane. Such luck! I thought when you got here you would be terribly anxious to convert me to your way of thinking, thinking pain away and all that."

Beatrice smiled at her husband and replied gently, "But you haven't said anything about it before. You seemed perfectly satisfied with Dr. Smith. We never intrude our views, you know. When you want us to help you we shall be only too glad to."

"Well, of course I want to get rid of the pain, and I want to walk. That ought to be as plain as can be. But I don't want to have to fall down and worship any woman. Mrs. Eddy may be all right, but she says some awful queer things. I can't understand her books. Now the Bible is as clear as daylight," added Aunt Delia virtuously. "I love to read about 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, and though they be red as crimson, they shall be like wool.' Nothing queer about that!"

"Isn't there?" asked Henri dropping his book to talk with his wife's aunt who had eyed him rather suspiciously ever since his arrival. "Sins are not literally red, are they? neither can they ever be seen white as snow. You will admit that is figurative language. It has to be thought out to get at the inner meaning. What is a crimson thought?"

"A crimson thought? How absurd!" replied Aunt Delia bridling.

"Not absurd at all. A sin is thought before it becomes an act, isn't it? That is the basis of Mrs. Eddy's teaching, that thought precedes all things. Divine thoughts are white, so to speak, and wicked thoughts are red, to use your simile. If you tried to understand what we are studying I am sure you would have no trouble. Shall I read something to you?"

"I never cared much for reading aloud, thank you," she replied quickly. "If you can stop this pain, now, that would be something worth while."

"If you wish me to, I will try to explain a little of this wonderful science to you, and you will find that it will alleviate the sense of pain."

"Sense of pain! I guess, young man, if you had this broken hip, you would think you had something more than a sense."

"I might not," replied Henri calmly, "not if I reasoned correctly. When you fall asleep what becomes of your broken hip? Doesn't the sense of it fade out? Don't you sometimes forget it, and go running all over the town to church suppers and Ladies' Aid meetings? I mean in your sleep."

"I s'pose I do. Last night I went sleighing with my husband. Guess the clothes got pushed off and I was cold, so I took it out in dreaming of snow banks."

"That was a false sense, wasn't it? You were really in bed, not in a sleigh. You were temporarily deceived, or thought incorrectly."

"Humph!" ejaculated Mrs. Rowe. "I found out where I was when I woke up, all right. I found I had a broken hip."

"Yes, your sense of the fractured hip returned and took possession of your mind. You then forgot the sense of sleighing with your husband."

"Young man," she said earnestly, shaking a finger at him, "My hip *is* broken! You can ask Dr. Smith."

"Of course it is!" replied Henri, greatly to her surprise. "Your body is like my image when I stand before your mirror here. When I lift my arm my reflection lifts its arm. When I drop it *so,* down goes the arm of my image instantly. Now your thought, your mind, says, 'My hip is broken,' and instantly your shadow or image, which we name 'body' manifests a broken bone. The poor hip can't help it. You ought to love your hip enough to change your mind about it. You ought to heal that break. It must first be healed in your mind, *before* it can be healed in your body. My image in the glass just cannot change until *I* change If I scowl at it, it scowls back. So I am going to quit scowling and smile. See how quickly my reflection cheers up?"

Mrs. Rowe laughed in spite of herself, as she watched Henri's antics before the mirror. "Well, what shall I do," she asked, "to cheer up this hip? It needs something. I am sick of lying here flat on my back."

"You can easily do as I say, if you only will. If you really want to heal that break you can." Aunt Delia looked from Henri to Beatrice and back to Henri again, as though to see if they were making fun of her.

"Henri will tell you just what to do, Auntie. He is just splendid. He made me heal myself of a horrid cold when I was in New York, right off quick," put in Beatrice, giving her husband's arm an affectionate squeeze, as she left the room to get ready to go to the Wednesday evening meeting at the church.

"Out with it, young man," said Mrs. Rowe, grimly determined to see this thing through to a finish, for, in spite of herself, she had to admit reluctantly that his talk so far *had* enlightened her a little.

"While we are gone to church you lie here and think what it is holds everything in its place. What holds the moon up in the heavens, the sun in its course, what holds this house on its foundations, what makes the grass grow and what makes it green, while the clover that springs up in it is red or white? They

have the same wind. air, rain and soil, yet one is red and the other is green. What is it that alone *can* do these things?"

"I guess you think I am Mrs. Solomon," returned Aunt Delia drily. "I have never been to theological schools, or to college either."

"You don't have to, Aunt Delia. Your Bible says 'A wayfaring man though a fool need not err therein'."

"Well, I'm not a fool, either. There is a middle ground between Solomon and a half-wit. But I promised to do as you wanted me to, so I'll try. Let me see. What makes the clover red and the grass green and the moon stay up where it belongs and the sun not to bump into the other planets? I guess I have my evening's entertainment, all right. You can go to church with a light heart. You have given me a job which will keep me from letting Satan find mischief for my idle mind. Could you give me a slight hint to start out with?"

Henri laughed. "What is it furnished this room?" and with this enigmatical remark, he joined his wife at the door.

"That Frenchman isn't so slow as he might be. If anyone takes him for a numbskull, they'll get good and left!" muttered Aunt Delia to the cat which jumped up on the bed to keep her company.

"Aunt Delia is such an old dear," said Beatrice as they walked along through the soft spring night. "She is sometimes sharp and caustic, but the thorns are all on the outside. She is like velvet inside,—this I know. Uncle Andrew Rowe married my mother's sister, the two Rowe boys chose two sisters for their wives. My aunt Mary was Uncle Andrew's first wife. She only lived a few years. Then Uncle Andrew, who was a minister you know, went South as a Home Mission worker and caught the yellow fever. It didn't really develop until he got back to Stratford. Everyone was afraid to take care of him, and there was no hospital near. So Miss Delia Blunt offered to nurse him. She said she was alone in the world and it didn't matter if she took the fever and died. No one would really care. So with this spirit of recklessness she came to this very house and pulled Uncle Andrew through. He never was very strong after that, and she stayed right here, looking out for him in every way, for he grew feeble and dependent. In the meantime, my parents had died, and as I was only fifteen I came to live with Uncle Andrew. He was very desirous that I should go to college, but I didn't want to leave him alone. So one day I said if he would only marry Delia, so she wouldn't ever leave him, I would go. He smiled and said he had

often thought of it. A week later he told me he had at last persuaded Delia to be my aunt, and I know this,—she has been the best aunt a girl ever had."

"I find her very interesting, Beatrice, quite a character. And if she will take hold of the study of Science she can do wonders. I like her."

They had neared the church building and, as there were but two or three persons in the audience room, Beatrice proposed that they step into the wing of the building where the reading room was located, and have another look at the old edition of Science and Health. But it was not to be found. It was not in the room, nor in the closet. "How very strange!" said Beatrice. "Perhaps that Mrs. Grey borrowed it to take home. She seemed interested." So, having settled the matter to her satisfaction, she and Henri reentered the church and found the First Reader announcing the opening hymn. It was one of Cowper's:

> "The Spirit breathes upon the word,
> And brings the truth to sight;
> Precepts and promises afford
> A sanctifying light."

It seemed to Beatrice that she had never seen the truth so clearly, nor felt the Spirit of the word so deeply as when she joined in the hymn. She had prepared a little testimony to give, and she was hoping

that Henri would speak also. The meeting was brisk and interesting, and when Beatrice finally rose to her feet it was near closing time. She expressed her great gratitude for the growing light she had, for the seekers who had written down their findings on the great subject of Life and Truth, and told of the added spirit of the Word she had gained since her arrival on the home shores. It was a good little speech and she sat down very happy. As soon as the closing hymn was sung she turned around and found that Mrs. Cartwright had been sitting immediately behind her. Here was her opportunity to ask for the book she wished to borrow. So she began at once, "Mrs. Cartwright, may I ask what has become of the old copy of Science and Health which was in the reading room a few days ago? I would like very much to borrow it. Or has Mrs. Grey taken it to study?"

"No indeed. I have taken it out of the reading room. It will not be there again. You know Mrs. Eddy didn't stand for those early editions of Science and Health. She—"

"*What!*" exclaimed Beatrice, too shocked to say more.

"No. She says plainly in 'Miscellany' what she thinks of them. They are not to be studied. In fact,

they are no longer considered Christian Science literature, and because of this they should not be kept in the reading rooms."

"She did nothing of the kind," asserted Beatrice positively. "She speaks somewhere about her early writings not being considered a precedent for a present student of this science. I don't know as I have quoted her exactly. But that is the gist of it."

"I can't help what you say. We are not to study those early editions."

"Why not?" put in Henri coolly. "Didn't Mrs. Eddy know what she meant when she first wrote the book? If not, how can we tell that she ever understood Christian Science."

Mrs. Cartwright smiled knowingly. "I know what you mean. Those are the arguments a certain school of mental scientists are putting out. I have heard of your conversion to a new style Science so-called," she added turning back to Beatrice. "Mrs. Eddy constantly grew, and she revised the text-book accordingly, from time to time. No one now takes the original volume as the standard."

Beatrice was too astonished to speak. Her thoughts seemed confused, but Henri was enjoying it. "But, Mrs. Cartwright," he persisted, "If the divine Mind dictated to Mrs. Eddy the original book, if, as she

says, she would blush to speak of it thus, were she apart from God its author, if this is true, *why* did she change a word of it? God's word of Truth does not change. Mathematics does not change a tiny fraction."

"This is no place to discuss these radical views, good friends. I shall be in charge of the reading room tomorrow, and if you care to come in about three, and there are no other visitors, I shall be glad to talk this matter out thoroughly. It is very important. And about these other authors who presume to write on this great subject,—it is just their own egotism cropping out. They, too, must write a book. Truly, of the making of books there is no end."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Beatrice almost involuntarily. "What about Mrs. Eddy then? That saying about making many books was written by Solomon, I believe. It might apply to all the writers since his time. I can't see the point of your argument, Mrs. Cartwright, but we will surely come in to see you tomorrow." "Au revoir, then," added Henri, as Mrs. Cartwright bowed herself down the aisle.

"Did Mr. Malcolm say anything like this to you, Henri?" asked his wife as they strolled homeward, pondering the conversation.

"He told me we might encounter something like this. He said various patients had told him of similar

experiences they had had. I can't get the idea. If the book was divinely inspired—explain that term as you will—it cannot now be wrong in basic principle. We must look the matter up more thoroughly before three tomorrow."

When they reached the house Mrs. Rowe was peacefully sleeping, the cat curled up at her feet. There seemed to be an atmosphere of serenity about the place that touched Beatrice. "It seems good to get back to dear Aunt Delia," she whispered to Henri, "she is so good and true."

"She is an honest thinker, anyway. She will admit it if she finds she is in the wrong. I wonder how she got along solving the questions I gave her. I will guarantee she has an answer ready for us in the morning."

"I am curious to hear it," replied his wife with a little laugh. "It will be honest and original."

CHAPTER XI.

Clover.

Mrs. Rowe had the best night's sleep she had had since her fall, and her first thoughts upon waking were in regard to the talk with Henri the evening before. "He certainly set me a task to answer those questions, but I'm ready for him. You can't catch a Yankee asleep!" so when they had all breakfasted, Beatrice told her aunt that she was going into the attic to look over some boxes of magazines she had put up there when she went to Europe, and would leave Henri with her to solve the riddle of the universe.

"After you had been gone a few minutes last night," began Mrs. Rowe, "the nurse came back and I asked her to get me Tennyson's poems. You may think it strange, but I am a great reader of the poets. I told her to read me his little poem called 'The "How" and The "Why".' Do you know it? It says this:

'We laugh, we cry, we are born, we die,
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why?* * * * *
Why deep is not high, and high is not deep?
Whether we wake, or whether we sleep?
Whether we sleep, or whether we die?
How you are you? why I am I?

Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why?*

* * * * *

I feel there is something: but how and what?
I know there is somewhat: but what and why?
I cannot tell if that somewhat be I.'

That was about my state of mind when you left me. But I got busy and put on my thinking cap. The last thing you said was, 'What is it furnished this room?' and my first answer was 'Money.' And then I went on thinking and I saw how foolish that was. There might be a cart-load of hundred dollar bills piled in a room and it would never furnish it. So I cast that aside. Then I decided it was a person that furnished the room, but that answer wouldn't fit the other questions about the moon and clover, so I cast that aside. Then I decided it was the Lord, but then I reasoned it wasn't the Lord that furnished this room, for I did it myself. So I was stuck again, and cast that aside. I had quite a heap of things in the discard before I got through." She paused, and Henri watched her keenly. "I remembered what the Scriptures say about who is it guides Arcturus and his sons and does something to the Pleiades. and I decided it was the same as who or what it was that kept the moon in place and made the clover sweet and red, while the leaves were green. I figured it all out, and I see it must be some-

thing that is everywhere present, all-powerful, intelligent and kind."

"Yes?" said Henri encouragingly. "Go on, you are doing finely."

"So I decided that it must be—it must be—life!"

"Good. Capital! returned Henri. "I am in a hurry to tell Beatrice what a thinker you are. Most orthodox people would have said 'God,' and let it go at that. They don't stop to think out what God must be."

"I've often noticed that. They make Him out almost a monster sometimes. They blame all the hurricanes and bolts of lightning and wars and diseases on Him. I've often said to our pastor 'What do they leave for the devil to do if God does all those awful things?' So I know God isn't variable, nor cruel, for I wouldn't be, and I know God is a thousand times kinder than I am."

"I am glad you have settled that, Aunt Delia. Life is a word denoting God, and there is another word which shows another side to God I want you to think of. What is it that thinks?"

"The brain, of course."

"What?" questioned Henri as though astonished. "The brain think? How about the brain of a corpse?" Mrs. Rowe thought in silence for a few minutes, then

remarked, "Well, my old brain is getting a turning over such as it hasn't had in one while. I never did so much solid thinking in my life."

"You spoke correctly that time," replied Henri. "You said 'I never did so much thinking.' That is absolutely correct. It is *you* that thinks, not your brain. *You* are invisible, you are consciousness, mind, and that is what thinks. You are a thinker. That makes you different from a chair. So it was mind that furnished this room, that planned the furnishings, bought them, and arranged them. It is mind, the great Mind, Nature, God, that holds the moon in place, that guides Arcturus and its sons and bringeth forth Mazzaroth in its season. It is Mind that makes the little clover select from the soil what it needs to make it red, and to absorb from the sun's rays its tonic. It is Mind that we taste in the grape and the peach, it is mind with which we do the tasting. How about your hip?"

"Ay, there's the rub!" exclaimed Aunt Delia quickly. "I couldn't seem to hitch up my hip with the rest of my argument. How am I going to cure that? Although I will admit I got so interested in puzzling out these riddles I forgot my hip, I lost the sense of it, I s'pose you would say,—and I fell asleep thinking about the great life that was taking care of me, of

the moon and the clover and me. This morning first thing, I sent the nurse out doors to fetch me in a bouquet of clover, and there it is where I can look at it. She thought she must have misunderstood me, and that I wanted clematis, or phlox or something, but I said, 'No, clover, C-L-O-V-E-R, clover."

"It is mind, your mind that you use to think about your hip at all. Then why not think rightly about it? Your body is the mirror of your thought-conclusions. It registers sooner or later your deep, positive, private, intimate sense you have about yourself, that sense you never let anyone else know, except as they learn to read the human countenance. So heal your thinking. Know that the same great mental force which hung the moon in the heavens, will care for you. That the same infinite pains and care displayed in each tiny clover petal will knit together each particle of your hip perfectly and quickly. The doctor admits that nature really does the healing, but what he doesn't admit is that ALL IS MIND. Even your body is mentality in another form. You know water can be converted into steam or into ice. So mentality has three forms or, rather, three states, mind, active thought, and conclusion or understanding. Your conclusions arrived at are projected as your very image and likeness. So get busy and see yourself as mind,

as life, unbroken and unhurt. Does this seem impossible? It isn't, for thousands are doing it. Stick to perfection! Insist upon it. The principle underlying the universe, the 'What and the Why,' must be perfection, and as we learn this and appropriate the truth of it, we shall see it. The little clover and the majestic sun are alike mind in varied forms. Now I think you have enough to think of and I will leave you."

"Hold on a minute. I want to ask you another question. I thought you Christian Scientists didn't admit any such things as broken bones and diseases, yet you admitted a few minutes ago that, or was it last night?—that my hip was fractured. How do you account for that?"

Henri smiled as he saw that Mrs. Rowe was no superficial thinker and wanted to get at the bottom of every subject, so he seated himself again, and was silent a moment trying to decide how best to answer her.

"Have I caught you that time?" she laughed.

"No, I was only thinking how to make it clear to you. When you were a child in school, you sometimes saw a scholar write on the blackboard 2 times 2 are 5. But because you saw this in black and white did not make it true or eternal. When the teacher explained the truth about 2 times 2 and the pupil saw

it, he re-wrote the answer, didn't he? and the teacher let it stand because it was a true or perfect answer. So when we reckon wrongly about our lives or our bodies, and think that wet feet means a consequent cold and possibly pneumonia, we are working wrongly, but if we persist in *thinking* it, in believing it, we will image it forth as the answer, a wrong one, but one which as long as we keep believing it, will cause us a lot of trouble. It is no more true, that is, eternal or *real* than the school boy's mistake. And when we learn to think rightly, viz.: that mentality *alone* is cause, that water has no intelligence to enter through the pores of our feet and create a fever and inflammation, that only our own thought about it, or false training, can do it, then we get a correct answer if we cast out the wrong picture and know that health is the normal, rightful state of mind, and that it is ours right now. You are looking on the blackboard and seeing a fractured hip. If I were you I would do better than that. I would know that I, myself, my soul, mind and body, the ego, is perfect and spiritual, so I might as well be enjoying myself. You know the great Shakespeare said, 'There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.' Mrs Eddy has that quotation on the flyleaf of her book, Science and Health. Remember, thought is causative!"

"Well, Henri, I will give you a rest now. I want to think over these things. An old dog can't learn new tricks very easily. My hip isn't so painful today. I have lots more questions to ask. You seem to know what you are talking about, so I'll have another list ready tomorrow."

Henri found Beatrice at the telephone and heard her say, "Oh, is that you, Mrs. Cartwright? * * * * * Yes, indeed we are coming. * * * * * Oh, no. I won't bring any other literature to the reading room. I wouldn't do that. My defence will be based entirely on the books you have there. We will see you at three then. Good by."

"Are you ready for her, petite?" asked her husband. "Did you find the things you were looking for?"

"Yes, my file of Journals is complete. I am all ready. How did you get on with Aunt Delia?"

"Finely. Come out for a breath of air in the garden and let me tell you about it. She is a good thinker, that woman. She has lots more questions, but they will wait until tomorrow she says. She gives one absolute attention and I could see she was digesting every word. Reason is the very best weapon we have. It appeals to nearly everyone."

"See the lovely clover, Henri! I shall always think of our talk with Aunt Delia last night, when I see clover hereafter. It is so sweet and humble."

CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. Fox Gets Busy.

The morning after the two Russians had paid their visit to the Potter home, Mrs. Fox answered her telephone call and found it was Rose who was calling her rather excitedly.

"Can you come right up here, please? I have something to tell you, and to show you, too. It is very important—about Nicholas. I can hardly believe it is possible! And I have you to thank, for it was you who introduced me to Mr. Malcolm, and without his work and instruction I am sure I should never have heard even this much."

It did not take Sallie Fox long to reach the Potter residence, and the next hour was spent in listening to Rose's recital of the happenings of the night before. Mrs. Fox proved to be as eager a listener and as sympathetic a friend as Rose could wish for. "Now," Rose said, "I am coming to the part where I need your help. You will notice this conglomeration of notes at the bottom of the song. I sat up till two this morning unraveling the mystery, for I felt sure there was a message locked up in it, and if I could only get at the inner meaning I should know where he was a

year ago, or at least, something more definite than just the words of the song. I think I could not have done it if I had not had the understanding which you were the means of my getting through Mr. Walter's books. I just *knew* there were no limits to Intelligence, and that I (my mind), am a particle of that intelligent Substance, so all I had to do was to claim it and use it. You know, Mrs. Fox, mortals, *mortals,* are to claim no other mind but God. So after my preliminary reasoning and mental work I took pencil and paper and began the task. I had to keep saying to myself, 'It is just as clear as daylight, for intelligence conceived it, and intelligence can see the code or key to it.' I kept at it, but for the first hour I didn't seem to get ahead any. I thought how much Mr. Walter says about *persistence* and single-mindedness. Then I noticed some naturals in the second measure, and almost unthinkingly I wrote them down, letter for letter, d-e-a-. What did that spell? Then I saw at once it was 'dead' or 'dear.' But it could not be the former, for if he were dead he couldn't be writing to me, and no one else would bother to send me a message if he had told them to in case of his death; so I decided it must be 'dear,' and with that as a clue I set to work, and this is the result. I put down the letters of the notes as they come on the staff:

a b c d e f g. Then under them I wrote. h i j k l m n. These I called flats. A-flat, b-flat, etc. Then: o p q r s t u which must be sharps, a-sharp, b-sharp, c-sharp, and so on. With that as a key I easily spelled out the message."

"You blessed girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Fox impulsively, clapping her hands. "Hurry and read it to me. I am so excited!"

Rose looked sober as she replied, "It is awful. Nothing encouraging at all. You see it was written over a year ago, before Michael Tschikonoff escaped from Russia. Anything may have happened since then."

"You ungrateful individual!" exclaimed Mrs. Fox, giving her a little shake. "Here, a few weeks ago, you were bursting with sorrow because your Nicholas was dead, and you would never know even how he died. You felt that all your hours of Christian Science work had been in vain. Now, *now,* you know he was alive a year ago and thinking of you, raining down songs on you via the moonlight, and you talk about being discouraged!"

Rose smiled at Mrs. Fox's disgusted tone, and said quickly, "You are right. I am ashamed of myself. Here is the message: 'Rose dear, I am in the prison of Cheka. Not quite lost hope'."

"Oh, Oh! how wonderful! To think that that string of sharps and flats should mean a prison!"

"Yes, where is Cheka? Ralph hasn't the faintest idea, and neither have I. I suppose it is an insignificant village in that enormous country. I want you to help me to locate it. We must hurry too. Every day must seem a year to him."

"Perhaps not. He may be well out of there by this time. But—"

"But where are you going?" exclaimed Rose as her guest jumped up and reached for her hat and gloves.

"I am going to find Willard Fox just as soon as I can. He knows a lot about Russia, and he also has an intimate friend in Congress, a Californian, whom he can call up, and get to start an investigation. I believe that is what they call it, when they decide to look in to a matter. It usually amounts to just a lot of money spent and not a thing accomplished. But this time that won't work, for they will have the female of the species hot on their trail, if they refer it to a Committee. And you know we have good authority for saying that they are 'more deadly than the male'."

Rose laughed in spite of her anxiety, and said, "Between Kipling and Rubinstein and the two Foxes, Nicholas ought to be rescued easily."

"To say nothing of the two Roses and the moon-

light. That makes me think of something Monsieur Rochelle said one evening he dined with us. He said they can now put out a fire with a certain sound. So if that is what can be done already, who knows how soon we can see sounds and hear light. It wouldn't surprise me in the least."

"Haven't I seen they are attempting it already? It is a mere matter of wave lengths. Did you say your husband will call up his friend in Washington?"

"If he won't, here is one who will! I am a woman of action, and I am going to see that young man out of Chequita, or whatever it is, before I go back to the Coast—if it takes all summer!"

While Mrs. Fox had been talking rapidly and adjusting her hat, Rose, too, had put on her wraps to accompany her. She put the song in her hand bag, for she could not bear it out of her presence, and they set out on their crusade to take the first steps in Nicholas' rescue.

But Mrs. Fox did not have to call up Washington on the wire, for, as soon as Willard Fox heard the message read, he stepped to the telephone and called a business house which had dealt with Russian firms before the war, and asked for Mr. Jones. In five minutes he had the information that Cheka was really "The Cheka," a certain prison in Moscow, kept for

prisoners of a special class, those who were arrested for espionage, or upon a charge of counter-revolution. "It is a pretty bad place I judge," he said as he turned back to his wife and Rose. "Now for Washington, and my Congressional friend." This gentleman promised to take all steps necessary to start the heavy government machinery in motion, "And keep it moving after it gets started," urged Mr. Fox. "It may be a matter of life and death."

"Of course," he added to Rose as he turned from the instrument, "I know now that you and Mr. Malcolm are working for him, that it isn't literally a matter of life and death," for he saw Rose's face change at the word "death." "But from my friend's viewpoint, that would be true, and it will hurry him up. Now let's all go up and see Mr. Malcolm. I am eager for an excuse to go and see him, aren't you? I always feel so uplifted and *sure* of myself and of truth after I have been to see him." The two ladies were as desirous of going as he, and they soon found themselves in the elevator of his building, and as they shot up past the floor where the reading room was, Willard Fox said with a smile, "What a chain of consequences my going in there to buy a Quarterly that day has had! We have gotten acquainted with Mr. Malcolm, with you, Miss Northup, with Mr. and Mrs. Rochelle *and* Mr. Walter."

"To say nothing of Nicholas!" put in his wife, and Rose added, "And my two East Side Russians with all they mean to me. Isn't it wonderful, wonderful! You certainly did more than *reflect* intelligence, Mr. Fox, that day. You just—you—just—*were* It."

Mr. Malcolm was busy and they sat down to wait. Another lady was by the window and they noticed she had been crying. At length Sallie Fox could stand it no longer, so she walked over and began talking about the fine view from this eighth floor window. "But it is not to be compared to the view of Truth we get when talking with Mr. Malcolm, is it?" and she smiled down at the sorrowing one so genially that there was an answering, flickering, wisp of a smile shone out for a minute, as the woman answered, "Do you think so? I am glad to hear you say so. I have never seen him I was recommended to come here by some one he cured of chronic headaches. I know nothing of his methods. Does he hypnotize you, or what?"

"I should say not! Hypnotism is as far removed from Christian Science as the poles. What made you think that?"

"'I just don't know. What does he do?"

"He treats you mentally and talks to you." The woman looked perplexed. "He prays for you, my

dear." A look of discouragement settled down over the sufferer's face as she replied. "Oh, is that it? I am afraid, then, it won't do me any good. For I have prayed and prayed for years, and so has my husband, who is a clergyman. We have prayed and besought God to heal me, but He hasn't. Oh why doesn't God answer prayer now the same as in Jesus' time! I cannot understand it. It is such a mystery."

"No mystery at all," returned Mrs. Fox promptly. "We just haven't understood God. That is the whole trouble. We, you and I, have thought of Him as an elderly man with a long gray beard possibly, seated on a literal throne. We besought His favor, as people beseech rich men or kings. That never got us very far when we really needed help. And you know the Bible states positively that He is a very present help in time of trouble. So," went on Mrs. Fox earnestly as she noted the gleam of interest creeping in to the listener's expression, "if we don't get this help which is 'very present,' not only present but *very* present, there is something the matter, isn't there? If we rented a house wired for elecricity, if we saw the fixtures in place, and when it got dusky we pressed the switchbutton and no light came, we would *know* something was wrong in the connection somewhere. We would know it wasn't the fault of electricity, for

that always works according to a fixed principle. If when it got black, black dark—"

"That is my case right now," put in the woman.

"If, then, we still could not get a spark of light, we should recall the fact that in the last house we occupied we had no difficulty in getting all the light we wished at an instant's notice. So with us now; let us call to mind the great fact that Jesus did get the connection he wanted instantly, he healed the sick, the dying and even raised the dead; he healed great multitudes which thronged him, with a word. Let's take courage in remembering that what has been done can be repeated."

"I see your point," returned the other, "but Jesus was different, he was divine, he was Deity itself."

"Peter, James and John, and many later ones who were not even taught personally by Jesus, did the same works. Paul even raised the dead, and escaped from prison in a marvelous manner."

"Yes, of course, but that was the age of miracles."

"Yes, and so is this. This is the age of rebellion against the soporific argument that what has been done by human beings cannot be done again."

"But," persisted the clergyman's wife, "you refer to modern scientific marvels, such as the wireless and aeronautics and so on. I am speaking of spiritual

miracles. God's direct intervention or setting aside of natural laws. That isn't done now."

"My dear woman," said Sallie Fox earnestly, "does the electrician set aside any real laws of darkness when he illuminates our houses with light? Did Jesus set aside his Father's law of death when he healed the little daughter of Jairus and restored her to her mother? Jesus said plainly that he always did the will of his Father. Jesus would not and did not set aside any real law. He unfolded, appealed to, or utilized the *only laws* there are,—the laws of God, Good, which always heal and save, and never curse and kill. If God's laws were destructive, this old earth would not have lasted these thousands of years. No, no. That is just what I said at first, we haven't understood God and His laws. The Bible says His work is perfect, also that 'God saw everything that He had made and, behold, it was very good.' Your trouble is like the darkness. It will vanish when the light is turned on in your mind. You know there is a true Light which 'lighteth every man that cometh into the world.' 'God is light' we are told by John. Mental light is wisdom or understanding. So our darkness (troubles) have been the natural result of the absence of light, or understanding in our thinking. Oh, Mr. Malcolm will make this all clear to

you. He is wonderfully clear in his explanations. Don't worry because you cannot understand the whole of metaphysics at once. You don't grasp any subject in an hour or a day."

"Metaphysics!" said the stranger thoughtfully. "Is that what you call your theory?" Mrs. Fox smiled at the last word, as she replied, "Is physics a theory? That is, do you regard it as such?"

"No indeed. Physics has been reduced to a science."

"So has metaphysics. It is not a theory, unproved and untried."

"But I am afraid of the word," went on the other, looking off into space. "It sounds so vague, and so—so unmoral some way! Not immoral, but unmoral. And then too, it does away with the atonement, doesn't it?"

"Not when you understand what metaphysics and atonement really mean. The idea of transferring guilt to an innocent person from a guilty one is fast being left behind. It is never done in courts of justice, in fact, it cannot be done. Guilt itself is not transferrable. The Psalms say, 'Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire. Burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.' And Jesus quoted from Hosea, 'For I desired mercy and

not sacrifice; and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings.' Anyway the word 'atonement' occurs only once in the New Testament, and that is in Paul's letter to the Romans, fifth chapter and eleventh verse. And that word in the Greek simply means 'reconciliation' or 'through change.' It is so referred to in the margin of the King James version, and so translated in the Revised Version, which is so much more accurate a translation of old Hebrew and Greek texts. Of course, you know, the Bible wasn't written in English or German or French or any other modern tongue. It was written in the languages of the times, Hebrew and Old Greek. These were in turn copied laboriously by hand from these texts into Old Latin, Syriac, etc. The monks of the middle ages preserved the manuscripts for us, for they were the learned class, and copied and recopied them. Can't you see that the only way to get at the inner meaning of the Scriptures is to go back to the original manuscripts, as best we can, for of course we have only *copies* of those. The men who made up our Bible selected a bit here and a bit there from the many manuscripts they had. This is a matter of history. Your husband must know this. I had a patient recently at my home who was disturbed about these things and so I looked into the matter pretty

thoroughly. *But,* my dear, the letter of the Bible is not sufficient. We must have the spirit, the real essence of the thought underlying the words. This is what heals. Jesus taught that God is *our* Father as well as His Father, that to know God is eternal life, so let's stick to what he says, and try to know God. We must interpret Paul through Jesus, and not Jesus through what Paul said. In regard to the healings Jesus performed, he plainly said, 'He that believeth on me, the works that I do, he shall do also, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father.' Again he said, 'And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; * * * * * They shall take up serpents; and if they shall drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.' David says of God, 'Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies; Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagles.' Does that sound like an angry God who needs placating?" She paused and looked searchingly at the other woman, who smiled wistfully and said, "I wish I could believe as you do. God seems more lovable, doesn't He? But there are

those places is Isaiah, you know, about 'with his stripes we are healed'."

"Yes, I know. He met all forms of error for us, that is, through his experiences and demonstrations we have learned the way. 'Yet *we* did esteem him stricken, *smitten* of God, and afflicted.' If we had the correct sense of his life and teachings and did not charge God with what he suffered, by his stripes *we would be healed.* Healing is what you are looking for, and let me tell you that you have come to the right place. Mr. Malcolm can tell you many things in a few minutes which will clear matters up for you."

The woman looked far off into the blue sky, and then said as she extended her hand impulsively, "You are so good to take an interest in me, a perfect stranger. And you have already given me some light. I had a very vague idea of God and of Jesus' mission and teaching. I hope I can find relief in this metaphysical understanding you speak of, for I need help. I have a—a—malignant growth."

The tears choked any further words, and Mrs. Fox replied quickly, 'What of that? Our wrong thinking based on fears and false training, makes those things grow. Now if this is true, and it is, right thinking can and will make them un-grow, or disappear. They wouldn't grow or develop where there was no life

or mind, so we see that fear and rules laid down by observing doctors having control of our thinking are the cause of such unnatural, unreal phenomena."

"Do you think so? I have noticed that after each doctor's pronouncement, I would suffer more. I decided I wouldn't give up without trying what it is Mr. Malcolm has to offer."

"Well, don't let your theory of vicarious suffering stand in your way. Do as he says and, I can assure you, you will get results. Remember God healeth *all* your diseases."

The inner door opened and Mr. Malcolm appeared saying smilingly, "Who next?"

Sallie Fox was the first to answer, "I have decided I won't take up your time today, when you have someone here who needs you so badly. Come, Willard, let's go back to the hotel. Mr. Malcolm has important work to do."

Rose Northup arose and said, "I am perfectly willing to go too. If I may just show Mr. Malcolm the meaning of Nicholas' hidden message to me. It will only take a minute," and she handed him a slip of paper on which was written, 'Rose dear, I am in the prison of Cheka. Not quite lost hope."

Mr. Malcolm read it, then said, "And now we must know that mind cannot be imprisoned by seeming

material things, such as brick and stone. Mind is always free. Peter and Paul proved it, and so can we. The Israelites of old laid low the walls of Jerico through spiritual means alone. Daniel was in a worse plight than Nicholas Louma, but he survived and escaped. Call to mind these instances, and study to see how they accomplished their deliverance.. . . What has been done, can be done again." As Mr. Malcolm said this, the stranger smiled significantly to Mrs. Fox and said, "I feel better already. And if other people have been healed, it can be done again, in my case."

"You gave that lady quite a sermonette, Sallie," said her husband as they went down in the elevator. "Good for you. You come of preaching stock. They can't get the best of you with their doctrines. Of course, Miss Northup and I were too polite to listen, but I heard you throw in a few Greek and Hebrew verbs!" "Stop your teasing, Willard Fox," she exclaimed. "That lady was cherishing to her heart a very false belief about theology and also about her body. She needed help as badly as this little girl here, that I found in the uptown reading room a few weeks ago," and she gave Rose's arm an affectionate pat. "I'll tell you what let us do! Let's go to the public library and read the First Edition of Science and Health. Will you come, Miss Northup?"

But Rose shook her head. She must be alone to think, think. To work for Nicholas' release. As she hurried home she pondered long on the marvelous rescues spoken of by Mr. Malcolm. "And I have the same Power they had."

The next day was Sunday and, in the morning, Mr. Malcolm telephoned Rose and proposed that she go with him to the lower East Side to call on the two Russians who had brought her the song. "They certainly deserve to be notified that you have deciphered the code message," he said. "Perhaps, too, they can tell us some more about The Cheka." Rose was delighted and replied that she and Sallie Fox had planned to go that very afternoon. They had thought of asking him to accompany them, but had decided he would be too busy. So it was arranged that Mrs. Fox and Rose would call at his office at three, when they would all explore the neighborhood of Grand Street.

They found him busily poring over a copy of The Christian Science Sentinel, and, after hastily greeting them, he said, "Look here! I came across this paper of the date of February 2, 1918, containing an article on 'Life' by Mrs. Eddy. I sat down to read it over, thinking I might find a new thought to give to the Russian Rose who is grieving over the loss of her husband, and I did. But first, I want to call your

attention to a few things. There is first the Editor's note, which says the manuscript of this sermon was prepared by Mrs. Eddy over thirty-five years ago, 'hence its literary style differs somewhat from that of her later writings.' The editor calls it an 'important statement' and admits that 'in order to preserve to the fullest extent' its 'power and originality,' 'the text of the original manuscript is printed below exactly as written.' Then he makes the following significant exception to the above statement, 'Punctuation has been added, Scriptural references verified, and capitalization made in accordance with Mrs. Eddy's rules.' When you read the article if you will *omit* these same interpolated capitals and get the sense the author had when she wrote it, you will catch her meaning much more easily."

Mrs. Fox scanned the article quickly, reading aloud a sentence here and there. "Listen to this: 'Everything we touch or see is but the shape and color of a thought that lies behind. We learn in metaphysics that life is in the thought instead of the thing it has expressed, and that this thought hath immortality only in proportion to its correctness.' And this: 'The side of nature which seems to the senses matter is but the veil that hides the reality of being; the visible universe is but the picture of the mind's ideas, the

expression of thoughts, the hieroglyphic record of the art and meditation of Deity.' Isn't that clear! And she wrote this thirty-five years ago!"

"Yes," said Mr. Malcolm, "thirty-five years ago. And you will notice she says plainly, in reply to the question, Shall we know each other there? (after death), 'Since ever we investigated metaphysics and traversed in freedom the realm of Mind, we have been careful not to overrate our discoveries, or to state what we had not first understood.' That does away with the notion, advanced in some quarters, that she did not understand metaphysics or Christian Science correctly when she first wrote Science and Health and published it in 1875. She says here she was careful *not* to state what she had not first understood. But let us be going. I will take this paper with me and if a way is opened I will let Rose Ivanovna take it a few days. The statements about the false claim of death are very comforting. She also says something that reminds me of our talk with Rose Ivanovna a few nights ago. Here it is, 'Let us rejoice that Life like an opening bud is unfolding to our consciousness the bliss of being'."

An hour later, the three friends found themselves treading the mazes of a winding alley off Grand Street. At last, they located the house and began to

climb the dark, narrow stairs. At the fifth floor they found a door bearing a card with the name "Tschikonoff." "Goodness!" ejaculated Rose impulsively drawing her skirts aside as three small, half clad children crowded by her in the narrow passage, "I'm so glad you came with us, Mr. Malcolm. I would never have dared penetrate this place without a man. And to think of that dainty piece of womanhood, Rose Ivanovna, living here!" Just then the door opened in response to Mr. Malcolm's knock and Rose Ivanovna herself was smiling at them. She did not seem greatly surprised to see her visitors and, with great cordiality, asked them to enter. They found her alone, the old man, she explained, was down tidying up the shop where he worked, a shop selling coppers and brasses, embroideries and potteries from his native Russia.

Rose Ivanovna wore a long smock and her hands were daubed with something white. "Were you cooking? Have we interrupted some biscuit making?" asked Mrs. Fox pleasantly. "No, no. I pass my Sundays and evenings playing with my clay. I love above all to make things in clay. I call them my children," and she pushed aside a figured curtain and showed them a row of clay figures standing upon a shelf against the wall. The visitors gave a cry of pleasure

and astonishment, for here were displayed evidences of a talent of no mean order. There were Cherubs, kewpies, heads of tiny babies, roguish boys, pouting girls, and one tall figure of a majestic woman, sorrow written all over her. She pointed to it and said simply, "She, Russia, my country."

"And you, you who can do such things,—you make pants and vests every day?" exclaimed Rose Northup. Mr. Malcolm said earnestly, "We must get her out of these surroundings and into a different life. She has great talent."

"But, one must live. One must have bread and a leetle meat once a week," replied the girl with a shrug. "If my Michael had come home he says I no work hard no more. I play with my clay all the time." Tears welled up and her voice choked. To divert her sad thoughts Rose began at once to tell her about Nicholas' message, about The Cheka, and the telephoning to Washington in his behalf.

"I have heard of The Cheka in Moscow," said Rose Ivanovna reminiscently, "but I am from Little Russia, in the south. I not been in Moscow. Michael he come from near Moscow when he leetle feller. So my Michael, he was in The Cheka, too! I glad I know. Maybe when your man he come back, he tell me more 'bout Michael. I like to know everyt'ing.

Oh, yes! Nicholas, he will get out. He have lovely reason to get home," and she looked admiringly at Rose.

Mr. Malcolm and Mrs. Fox were standing a little apart conversing in low tones and examining a picture of the Madonna and Child beautifully set in a heavy jeweled frame on the dingy wall. Rose Ivanovna noticed them looking at it and drew Rose Northup by the arm towards them. "See," she said. "There is where I put Nicholas' leetle song for a whole year, back of that, our sacred Ikon. Our Lady she guard your message from your man, but I pray to her every day to save my Michael, to bring heem home to me safe, but he die all same. I t'ink she not hear me. I t'ink—"

"You are beginning to doubt the efficacy of imploring a personal God, whatever you call Him or Her, to intercede in your particular behalf; to do as you ask Him to! How many millions have been through the same experience! But, little Rose Ivanovna, I have brought you a paper with a message about your Michael. It was written by a great and good woman who loved everybody, and she knew how sore hearts everywhere were grieving over just such separations as you and Michael have had. She knew, because she too had been through it. I will leave it with you to

read by yourself. The woman's name is Mary Baker Eddy. Here it is."

Rose Ivanovna took the Sentinel reverently and placed it carefully behind the Ikon. "Perhaps this is my answer," she said, "my letter from Michael. I read it when I alone, when I grieve for Michael. You told me when I at Mees Northup's house, Michael, he not dead. He live just same, no?" Her eager, anxious eyes searched Mr. Malcolm's as if her existence depended on his answer.

"Yes. I did. He had life. And life means living. It can never change to mean dying. Michael lives and loves you the same as ever. I told you that you two were like buds on the same rose bush, he had only pushed through a crack in the wall out of sight. Mrs. Eddy tells us in that paper I gave you, 'Let us rejoice that life like an opening bud is unfolding to our consciousness the bliss of being.' Try to think of it carefully, to know every day that you and your husband are unfolding more and more, that life is unfolding to you the bliss (think of that word), the *bliss* of real being. And in bliss there can be no sense of separation, else it wouldn't be bliss."

Little Rose Ivanovna nodded her head in approval and said "I shall t'ink much 'bout eet." "Do you not get a pension or something from our government, and

can you not live on that without working in a sweat-shop, and so pursue your favorite calling of modeling?" asked Sallie Fox, practically, as at last they were seated on the rickety chairs the room afforded.

"I not have anyt'ing," said the little widow, shaking her head mournfully. "I go see a man but he say mebbe p'raps he see 'bout eet some other time. He never do anyt'ing. I have to work. Father he not earn much, only ninety cents a day. He not see very well and no one want heem."

"Willard Fox has just got to get busy again with that Washington wire," exclaimed his wife with a decided toss of her head. "She must have her husband's insurance, but until then I will play Santa Claus." Mr. Malcolm motioned to her to come over by the window, that he wanted to talk with her, and Rose engaged their little hostess in an interested conversation.

"I have a friend in social welfare work not far from Grand Street," he said, "and I will ask her to look up Rose Ivanovna's record, then we will do something definite for her. Anyway, she must have the government insurance as you say."

"Yes," returned Mrs. Fox, "and I am going to finance her for a while, until she gets to earning something with her chosen line of work. She is too dear

and good to be left here. I lost a daughter years ago who would be nearly as old as Rose Ivanovna and—and this girl appeals to me. I had intended to spend my time East in Boston, but I can't seem to get out of New York, there are so many wonderfully interesting things happening right here in which I am rather mixed up!"

Mr. Malcolm smiled approvingly and said, "And yet how many wealthy people come here,—even Scientists—and go away again without having done anything for the city, without having given it any good or any personal interest, just had the idea of getting, getting,—amusement or styles or money. But you have already utilized your time in bringing Truth to others here who needed it. You have gone out into the highways and hedges and told them the good news. That is what we are commissioned to do, in the Gospels. And one never knows how far reaching such work is. I always feel that for each new person I interest in the true and inward meaning of Life and God, I can count on four or five others coming through their personal touch. It grows like a snow ball. But I must move on, for I have much to do before I can retire tonight, and it is getting dusk already."

Rose Ivanovna parted with her guests reluctantly at the street door, and received the promise of another

visit within a week, and that if any news came from Nicholas Louma she was to be notified at once. When the trio of friends reached the corner they looked back at the slender figure in the dark doorway, and Sallie Fox gave a long sigh as she remarked, "Lovely lillies sometimes grow in dark muddy pools. She seems all the purer by contrast with her surroundings. We will have her out of that as soon as I can fix it!" and she gave Rose Northup's arm a gentle squeeze, adding, "It was through you I met her, and I thank you. Where will the trail of my visit to the reading room that day ever end?"

"In a good deal of harmony—a little bit of heaven—for several persons I believe," replied Rose, who since her call had felt singularly uplifted, and surer than ever of Nicholas' rescue. She felt that great forces were at work, that righteousness—right mindedness—would prevail, and that no mystery or mistakes could continue to seem to exist in the bright light of really true thinking, thinking from the standpoint of Jesus' statements: "I and my Father are one," and "Behold, I give you power over all the power of the enemy." "And that power," reasoned Rose as they rode uptown, "must be and is, all-powerful, right thought, for mentality *alone* is cause. And as Mrs. Eddy said in her early edition of Science and Health, 'Soul and body are God and man, Principle and its idea'."

CHAPER XIII.

The Chalice and The Chair

Mrs. Cartwright was waiting at the Stratford reading room for Mr. and Mrs. Rochelle to appear. She hoped no other visitors would interfere with the interview, for she felt it to be a most important matter. Henri and Beatrice also hoped they would have the opportunity to discuss the early editions of Mrs. Eddy's book, for they felt it to be even more important than did Mrs. Cartwright. "One thing, Henri," urged Beatrice as they neared the edifice. "Be sure to show a loving, Christian spirit about it. You know you have had a very different life and training from hers. You were brought up and educated in Continental Europe, you have a different outlook on life from a small-town New Englander, and you do not feel the same sense of church authority as Mrs. Cartwright does." "All right, petite. I'll let you do the talking. You are much more at home on the subject than I am anyway. I'll confine my efforts to Aunt Delia. She seems pretty sensible."

Mrs. Cartwright sat reading Mrs. Eddy's book "The First Church of Christ Scientist and Miscellany," and, as soon as the greetings were over, she began to read at once from page 237, the first par-

agraph called "Take Notice," beginning, "What I wrote on Christian Science some twenty-five years ago I do not consider a precedent for a present student of this Science." Mrs. Cartwright read it aloud slowly and impressively. "There! That is why I took that old copy of Science and Health out of this room. You cannot deny that this Notice I just read had reference to such editions."

"Mrs. Cartwright, I must deny that I think so," said Beatrice smiling. "'Some twenty-five years ago' is indefinite. It might refer to her other books. Turn to page 114 of the same book and read what she says about her first writings on Christian Science; how when the sun rose in the morning 'the influx of divine interpretation would pour in upon my spiritual sense as gloriously as the sunlight on the material senses. It was not myself, but the divine power of Truth and Love, infinitely above me, which dictated 'Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures'.' Farther on she says, 'I was only a scribe echoing the harmonies of heaven in divine metaphysics'."

"Yes, I know, but—"

"And did you ever think when and where that 'Take Notice' that you read to me was first published, Mrs. Cartwright?" went on Beatrice. "I have brought with me a copy of the Christian Science Journal for

August, 1908, and her Notice was the first on the Editorial page, then farther on, on the next page is a short article written by Mr. Archibald McLellan, the Editor in Chief, called 'Alleged Early Manuscripts.' He says, 'We have been asked about certain unpublished manuscripts said to have been written by Mrs. Eddy in the early years of her discovery of Christian Science. All we can say is, that if these manuscripts are genuine, they are probably what she refers to in the Preface of Science and Health, on pages viii and ix.' That shows me conclusively that Mrs. Eddy's 'Notice' and Mr. McLellan's editorial published in the same editorial pages of the same issue of the Journal refer to the same thing, viz.: her early, unpublished notes or manuscripts; otherwise, Mrs. Eddy, then living, would have corrected Mr. McLellan. When her 'Take Notice' was put in the book you read from, generally spoken of as 'Miscellany,' the context, Mr. McLellan's editorial, was left out. Now, I am sure, Mrs. Cartwright, you agree with me, since I have called your attention to it."

Mrs. Cartwright shook her head. "I cannot. I don't see as you have proved anything. I still believe she referred to the text-book."

"Do you believe Sibyl Wilbur's 'Life of Mary

Baker Eddy' met with Mrs. Eddy's endorsement? You have it for sale here, and I will show you something in that. On page 208 in the chapter on the First Edition of Science and Health, Miss Wilbur says, 'Her experience in Stoughton and Amesbury had yielded the "Science of Man," manuscript and also certain commentaries on the Bible. Now the book which she purposed writing was to contain the complete statement of Christian Science.' Then she describes how Mrs. Eddy purchased the small house at No. 8 Broad Street, Lynn, and how she was obliged to lease the greater part of it, reserving in the attic a small chamber for her own use. 'The room was austerely furnished * * * * * Its one article of luxury was an old-fashioned haircloth rocker.' 'In this garret chamber, she finished her manuscript of "Science and Health," practically the work of nine years'."

As Beatrice halted in her reading and looked up, Mrs. Cartwright said reminiscently, "Yes, I have seen a life-size picture of that little chair. It used to have a prominent place in the 'Mother's Room' in the original edifice of the Mother Church. We were allowed to go in there, a few of us at a time, and look at the room and some gifts which had been sent to Mrs. Eddy. An attendant was always present and

ushered us out after a certain brief length of time."

Beatrice was much interested and said, "I, too, remember that room perfectly. The large picture of the haircloth rocker occupied the wall at the left as you went in. It said on it that in this chair Mrs. Eddy sat when she wrote Science and Health."

As she said this, she opened her eyes wide, as though a new thought had come to her, but her husband spoke first, "Well then, that proves conclusively that Mrs. Eddy regarded her book in its original state as correct, else she never would have permitted and sanctioned that display of the picture of the chair in which she sat while she wrote it. I say, she would never have allowed it to be on view *in the very church edifice,* if she wanted to discredit the book she wrote, or to turn her followers' attention away from its original edition. Oh no, Mrs. Cartwright. That is proof conclusive to me. I never heard of this Mother's Room before. Can one see it now?"

"No," answered Mrs. Cartwright. "Since the extension was put on the church the Room was closed. But you can read a detailed description of it in Mrs. Eddy's book 'Pulpit and Press.' Hand me a copy, Mrs. Rochelle."

Beatrice reached for the book and Mrs. Cartwright pointed to pages 26 to 28, also to 58. "Hm!"

said Henri. "An antique lamp was kept perpetually burning behind her portrait in stained glass where she was shown searching the Scriptures, while a star shone down on her. I think, Mrs. Cartwright, if I am the jury of one, in this case, I would say you had lost your case, when you claim that Mrs. Eddy discredited the original book she wrote."

"I wouldn't claim exactly that," began Mrs. Cartwright lamely. "But I have been told—"

"Would you let me read just a little more from Sibyl Wilbur's book?" asked Beatrice. "On page 215, she writes, 'The book came out in the Fall, * * * * * It was a stout volume bound in green cloth, a succinct, concise and lucid statement of Christian Science. Though Mrs. Eddy has many times revised this book, * * * * * the essential statements are the same as in the original volume. Because of these subsequent labors, * * * * * certain critics have said that the original work has disappeared in the book that stands today, * * * * * that "Science and Health" is the product of another mind than Mary Baker Eddy's. Because of the supreme audacity and unscrupulous wickedness of such an assertion, this first edition is indeed a "precious volume." It holds, like the Grail, that receptacle in which the wine was given to the disciples, the verities of Christian Science.' And, on

page 219, Miss Wilbur writes, 'The first edition of "Science and Health" which the critics of that day fell upon with ironic glee, stands as the model of the finished structure of today. * * * * * It has been plagiarized and pirated from, villified and burlesqued, but it will stand'."

As Beatrice read the last few words in a forceful, positive tone, Mrs. Cartwright reached for the book to see for herself, then said, "I am convinced that I was wrong. I don't want to join the ranks of those who attack it, however unconsciously, I was doing it."

Beatrice was radiant as Mrs. Cartwright spoke, and said impulsively, "How splendid of you, dear Mrs. Cartwright. I felt sure that if you once saw the great error of your position in regard to the old books, you would at once acknowledge it. And you have done so. Error has tried every way to keep people from getting the truth contained in Mrs. Eddy's great discovery, and now the latest is—one must not study the plain, 'succinct, concise, and lucid statement of Christian Science' as at first written down by its discoverer. Oh, why will people be so blind?"

"Especially when they have had no more reason than that 'Take Notice' in 'Miscellany'," said Henri. "To my way of thinking, the early editions are indeed the chalice holding the wine of God."

CHAPTER XIV.

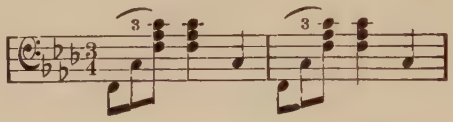
"Though I Make My Bed In Hell."

The windows in the prison walls are high, and, moreover they are whitewashed. The walls in the prison are thick. The beds in the prison are bare boards with now and then a sack of straw. The rooms in the prison were well filled, eight persons being crowded into the small apartment where Captain Nicholas Alexandrovitch Louma was confined. An old man sat under the one electric light poring over a book, the others sitting in glum silence, for after twelve months of being compressed into a ten by twenty room, the subjects of conversation are worn to tatters. At length an eager eyed lad of nineteen burst out, *"Slava Bog!* Good Gracious! Let's make a racket! I shall go mad! The stillness here is so thick you can feel it. Have you all lost your voices?" and he began singing in a high, clear tenor, Nicholas' song:

"Nightingale, thy song is free!
"It speeds its way o'er the sea.
"My heart's own song, on moonlight's rain,
"Comes beating on thy window-pane."

The other men during the months past had improvised an accompaniment with all the movement of

Rubinstein's Barcarole. This was done by the voices of four men and with two broken combs. The men hummed,



During the singing, Nicholas Louma sat with face in hands. How many hundreds of times had he heard them sing it, and had hoped against hope, that his song would reach Rose and be the means of his rescue. But spring had ripened into summer, summer had melted into autumn, autumn had slipped into another Russian winter, and now April and May had come again, and he was in the same room of the same prison. The two former years had been times of constant change, from one trial and examination to another, but the past twelve months he had been confined in this basement room of the Cheka. No change, no variation in the dull routine, except as a fellow prisoner had been given the surly order, "Pack your clothes," and had gone out to a fate unknown to the others, or, as a new-comer had been silently let into their room, sometimes in the middle of the night. Nicholas Louma was not a Christian Scientist when he left America, but his little Rose had been one, so he respected the Science, and now tried to remember all

she had told him about it. She had had an altogether different idea of God than he had been taught by his mother and the Russian priests. She spoke of Deity with greatest freedom, as though the Almighty Presence were well known to her. He regretted now that he had not accepted the little book she offered to give him on his departure. But, he ruminated, it would have been taken from him long ere this. The old Hebrew sitting under the light had been permitted his copy of the Hebrew Scriptures only as a great favor because he had rendered the Commandant of The Cheka a signal service. And then, too, what harm could come of a lot of Hebrew hieroglyphics which no one was interested in? Nicholas had amused himself, —and the old man—by taking up the study of the language, and now would try to translate the talk going on around him into rough Hebrew. It served to pass the time away.

Some way, the last two weeks he had felt a shade more hopeful. The pall of gloom under which he had sunk had lifted a little. That very day he had noticed through the peep-hole the boys had made in the white-wash of the window, a tiny flower blossoming in the dirt and shade of the court-yard just outside their window ledge. Its roots must reach down between the rough cobble-stones, yet it bloomed on, sending

out its little aura of cheer and perfume to all. "Brave little plant!" thought Nicholas. "What ill wind brought your seed to this dark court-yard? But in spite of your surroundings you swelled and grew and sent down your tiny rootlets into the muck among the stones. And now your leaves and rosy blossom gladden the eyes of us imprisoned ones, who get a glimpse of you through a scratch in the windowpane. What makes you grow? What makes you bloom? What makes your petals red instead of blue?" He had asked the old Hebrew for his opinion and he had pointed to his beloved Scriptural writings, saying, "All things are explained in those. Let me read you what it says: 'These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth in their being created, in the day when Jehovah was making the earth and the heavens. And every plant of the field when it was not yet in the earth and every shrub of the field before it will sprout forth.' Tell me what Jehovah is and you will have your answer. Jehovah, the great Elohim, is the Almighty I AM. I AM THAT I AM says to the plant 'I have made thee to grow, to beautify the earth. I have made thee before there was a man to see thee, before thou wast, at all, as an earthly thing. Thou dost exist in my creative Mind, and by my law thou showest forth my glory and wisdom.' Selah."

Nicholas had then remembered hearing a man in a Christian Science church service he had attended with Rose, read the words "Mind is God." Could that be the answer? Could anything but MIND claim to be I AM, to say I AM? Was it Mind that bade the flower grow, as a part of its own glory?

Some way the little talk with the Hebrew philosopher about the flower growing outside the wall had done him good. He felt he had a new subject for thought, at least. And if it were true, that the I AM of the Bible is Mind, could he not appeal to this Mind to let him grow and expand and finally burst the bonds that bound him? Could it be the will of that Mind that he should remain in exile? Had this Mind formed him in Mind before he grew? What did that Mind want him to do? In this way Nicholas Louma had gotten through the wearisome day, until now his song was being sung by his room-mates, and it brought back his intense longing to be free, to return to his adopted land where Rose, his Rose, was waiting for him.

"Whirling snow, nightingales gone,
"Moonlight and lovers' songs are done.
"Angry winds shaking thy pane—
"Moonlight will come again!"

sang the prisoners lustily, when a rap-rap-rap on the

steam pipes gave notice that the men in the adjoining room wished to give them a message. The prisoners had their own Morse code which was tapped and scratched along the pipes, from one end of the huge building to the other. When it was time for the guard to come slipping along the corridor, silence reigned, but at other times news traveled fast by way of this prison telegraphy. "Rap-tap-tap. Something is up" ran the message. "Look out. Much stirring in the Commandant's quarters. We are going to sleep in our clothes tonight. Something is up."

"Good luck!" said the lad who had been the soloist of the evening. "Time something happened. I am almost ready to face the firing squad and have it over with. No one outside who cares about me anyway. No one to send me any *peredaches*, any food packages. I am sick, sick, sick of fish soup, and black bread made mostly of sawdust. Anything for a change, say I."

The men in Nicholas' room rapped back that they had understood the message and would be ready for eventualities. Almost immediately the metal plate of the *glazok*, the peep-hole in the door, was pushed aside and the Captain of the Guard put his eye to it and looked them over, counted them over, and thought them over. Then he turned off the light and the men retired to their bare board beds fully

dressed. Not one slept for some hours but soon after midnight Nicholas heard them one by one begin to breathe heavily, and the old Hebrew snored when the door was flung open and the Captain of the Guard without turning on the light, called, "Vladimir Ivanovitch! *Sobiraites s veschiami.* Pack your clothes!" The man addressed slipped from his couch obediently, trying to find his few poor possessions in the dark, then muttered, "Turn on the light." The Guard paid no attention, only saying, "*Skoree!* Quicker!" "Turn on the light, then," said the prisoners crossly. "We aren't fish that can see in the dark."

"The lights are out of order. I have sent for a lantern, if they can find one. There are only three in The Cheka, curse it!"

Now the bare board bed of Nicholas Louma was next to the door, and quicker than it takes to tell it, the idea came to him from Mind, "An open door! An open door!" Instantly he slid stealthily from his bed and under cover of the old Hebrew's stentorian snores and the Guard's exhortations to Vladimir to make haste, and make it quick, Nicholas stole behind the Captain's back into the hall which was the blackest place he had ever been in. He had on soft straw *lapiti,* shoes worn by the peasants, and they made no noise

as he felt his way along to where he felt sure the stairs leading upward must be. Yes, here they were, the ladder to freedom and Rose, or to detection and a firing squad. He would take his chance, although he was convinced that some force or outside power was helping him and he would trust it. He must; to go back would be impossible. When half way up, he could see a speck of light coming towards him along the upper corridor. It was the other guard with a swinging kerosene lantern. Nearer and nearer he came, but, fortunately, his lantern cast only a small circle of light on the stone floor, and seemed to accentuate the blackness beyond it. He was a rather small man, tired from the long hours of work in the prison, and Nicholas thought quickly. He wanted that lantern. He must have it to enable him to locate a door leading outward, and he must also have it in order to prevent the Captain of the Guard who had come for Vladimir from using it to find him. It certainly was a slip of the tongue for the Captain to tell the men that there were only three to be had, and that the lights were out of order. Nicholas sensed all this without putting it into words at all in his thought. He knew he was a far more powerful man than the approaching guard, even though weakened by his confinement and scanty food.

He sprang on the stair rail and lay along its length motionless. Down the steps clattered the guard's heavy shoes. He had an ugly face, befitting his calling of guarding men who had been imprisoned because they were educated, because they had uttered or written a protest against the Soviet Government, or possibly because they might be spies for people who did not relish the Bolshevist ideas. Down the stairs came the guard and up from the room below came the Captain's voice booming, "Skorée! Hurry, thou dog! Bring the light." The guard reached Nicholas, more concerned to report to his Captain on time than to look for possible prowlers in the dim reaches of the corridor. As quick as a cat, Nicholas grabbed him, gagged him with his handkerchief, bound his hands with the man's own scarf, then tied it to the stair rail, and with the lantern as his only weapon went leaping up the stairs to the upper hall. He must be quick, quick. No false turns in the vast halls must be taken. He must head straight for a door.

"Oh Mind, God, direct me!" he prayed. And back from the chambers of memory a voice saying words he must have heard somewhere, sometime, "I will guide thee with mine eye. Be strong and of a good courage."

He suddenly saw before him a heavy barred door

leading evidently to the courtyard. He shook it. Locked, of course! He shook it again. He must get out. Sounds and exclamations from below were reaching him. "O God," he cried, "an open door!" and suddenly it opened outward and he faced a man in uniform.

"Quick!" whispered Nicholas. "I have urgent business with the Commandant. He has sent for this lantern. Let me pass, I say."

The man eyed him sleepily. "What the hell did they send *you* for? This sounds suspicious to me."

"Oh, Mind!' breathed Nicholas. "Come to my rescue. Reveal thy will to this man. Make him see it his duty to let me by." Then to the man he said:

"You may not know it, but there are many *nasyetkas* here in the prison. We live among the prisoners and learn many valuable secrets which we impart to the Soviet Government. You better not stop me, little brother. Let me pass."

The man knew well that the *nasyetkas,* or stool pigeons for the government, had learned many things of importance, by professing to be fellow prisoners; and had not this man standing before him a lighted lantern which must have been given him by someone in authority to light him on his way to the office of the Commandant across the court-yard?

"Very well," he said. "Pass."

The court-yard was almost as dark as the halls had been. Scurrrying clouds were spitting rain. "Moonlight and lovers' songs are done," came to Nicholas as he stepped out into the blackness. A few steps from the door he extinguished the lantern after he had located the direction of the great gates leading to the street. As he neared the Commandant's office at their right his door opened, and the Commandant's voice was saying loudly, "Go to the Chief's Bureau at once and take this report. Hurry." Nicholas fully realized that whoever the messenger might be he would have to pass through these gates, so he crept nearer, breathing a prayer to the Almighty Presence which his Rose seemed to trust so fully. The man crossed from the Commandant's door, whence came a narrow shaft of dim light to the gates. The sentry left his box, inserted his huge key and turned it in the lock, when the man turned back as his superior's voice boomed forth, "Come here, you have forgotten this packet of papers." The sentry stood holding the gate open as the man brushed past him saying, "I will be back in a minute. Don't lock them, for I am in a great hurry." "All right, little brother," saluted the sentry, "I will just light my cigarette." With a leap, Nicholas sprang to the gateway, just as the sentry's

match flared up and blinded him to everything beyond the length of his cigarette. When he flung the match aside it hit Nicholas' foot, but Nicholas was outside the walls, alone on the streets of Moscow.

CHAPTER XV.

"Thou Art There."

Now Moscow lies near the center of Russia, and there were vast lonely stretches of forest and steppes, of rivers and hill-encircled valleys, between it and the freer countries where Nicholas might find a friendly hand to speed word to Washington of his existence. He managed in the black darkness of the rainy night to get outside of the city unobserved. He felt sure he was headed in the right direction, southwest, but what should he do when the dawn came, when people were stirring along the roads? He breakfasted on young sorrel and other weeds, drank from a friendly well out of sight of the farmhouse, and trudged over the stubbly fields, keeping away from well trod paths. At dusk he slept three hours under a wagon, then hurried on through the soft spring night, for a panic seized him. Suppose he should be caught and carried back to The Cheka? Suppose after this delicious taste of freedom some roaming spy should report him to the Soviet authorities, and his dream of a homecoming to Rose be forever shattered! He must sleep by day and travel by night. If he can only keep his sense of direction, if he can only find food enough to enable

him to walk! As he lay down the third morning after his escape, hungry, utterly exhausted and confused, sleep failed to come, instead his mind was active. Fragments of half-forgotten things seemed to float across his memory. Words, sentences, phrases. "Nightingales' songs." "Angry winds shaking thy pane." "In the day when Jehovah made the earth and the heavens. And every plant of the field before it grew." "An open door!" Where had he heard that? Where had he seen that? Yes, the door had opened but a soldier had been there. The gate had opened and by the flicker of a match he had escaped. "The great Elohim is the I AM, the I AM THAT I AM." Mind is God." What else could say "I AM" but Mind? Where was this I AM? How came he himself to say "I am this" or "I am that"? Sometimes he said "I am sleepy," or "I am Nicholas Louma" or more often "I am desperate or hungry." The thought of the I AM of the universe was with him persistently as he lay in the shadow of a cliff, near a brawling stream and away from the main traveled road. He had somewhat lost his sense of direction. If he could only have a good breakfast, a breakfast with Rose at a small table placed in a sunny window! I AM! I AM! How it rang through his thoughts. Was he weak and giddy from lack of food?

Then like a flash came the inspiration, "If *you are,* if YOU ARE, if your being exists now, it will always exist, it is immortal. It will struggle on through these dark days, and will accomplish what you *permit it.*" He sat up suddenly as he saw the point, and raising his eyes towards heaven exclaimed, "I have been given dominion over all the earth, according to God's holy Word. I AM hath given it to me, but I have to take it and to use it. I *shall* escape from this net and be restored to usefulness and love, for it is right." This came to him with such an overwhelming force that the entire current of his thoughts was changed. He had a firm conviction, for the first time, that he would make his way to a neighboring state where help and friends could be found. He rose, bathed his face and hands in the cool waters of the brook, and as he knelt he spied across the bank red berries growing in the grass, wild strawberries. His breakfast! Thank God! An hour later, with sun higher, he lay in a profound slumber, while the birds sang their morning songs, and only the butterflies and bees watched over him.

But down the dusty road there came a small caravan, four horses, two wagons and some dogs. They were looking for a better place to camp than they had found. All through the moonlit night they had urged

on their beasts, and now all through the morning they must halt and rest, till noon should send them on again. For they must push on, push on, ever steadfast to their purpose. Great distances must they cover from sun to sun, for the supply of food was running short, and fodder for the animals was hard to find. Indeed, they feared the animals would be requisitioned for food by half-starved peasants.

A dog which had bounded across a field now returned and barked joyfully, leaping and pulling at a man walking beside a wagon. "What have you found, Boy?" asked the man as his eye roved over the landscape. "Water, I will wager!" and he, too, raced across the field. An ideal camping place for the few hours they could halt. He motioned to the others to come, and in ten minutes they halted beside Nicholas Louma, deep in sleep.

At noon, refreshed, rested, fed, they harnessed the animals, packed up their belongings and gathered for a conclave regarding the sleeping stranger. "See!" said a motherly looking young woman, pointing to his feet. "His *lapiti* are in shreds. He is as good as barefoot. He looks weary, weary. Let us take him in our wagon. Come Father and Ilya, give a hand. Lift him in here." So Nicholas was laid on a bundle of straw in the bottom of the wagon, and knew it not,

for the long months of strain and suffering were beginning to tell, and he knew nothing of his surroundings till at dusk the girl shook him and proffered him some hot broth which he drank greedily, then half unconscious, turned over and fell into the deep, heavy sleep of exhaustion, while the horses and dogs jogged on down the rough, dusty road, on and on through the quiet night.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Let There Be No Strife, I Pray Thee."

Some weeks after Mrs. Cartwright had had the interview with Henri and Beatrice Rochelle in the reading room, she stopped them on the street one day and said, "May I have a few words with you? I want to say that although I admit you won your case about the old editions of our text-book, yet I feel very strongly that it was very wrong of Mr. Walter to unveil the meaning as at present given us in the current books. If our leader had meant us to see the things as at first written down by her she would not have covered them up in the later revisions." Mrs. Cartwright felt that this was an unanswerable argument, and she wondered if they would have any reply ready. But she did not know Henri Rochelle.

"Why, then, Mrs. Cartwright," he said, "if it was wrong for anyone to attempt to unveil Science and Health, it was much worse for Mrs. Eddy to unveil the Holy Bible? Yet she did not scruple to call her book 'Key to the Scriptures.' Is there any truth too sacred for humanity to know and have the benefit of? If you say the time has not yet come because of the wickedness of the world, when will the time ever come?

Why, every translation that has ever been made of the Scriptures has been an effort to unveil the meaning, to make it plain to the masses who could not read the original tongues. Wyckliffe, Tyndale, Rogers, were persecuted unto death because they dared print the Bible in the English language so all might read and understand. I found only yesterday an old book in Mr. Rowe's excellent library, called 'The Old Testament Unveiled.' It was published in 1854. You will admit,—will you not?—that while all Truth is sacred, none is more sacred than the Holy Scriptures?"

"Of course that is so, Mr. Rochelle. And I will admit you and Mrs. Rochelle have done some good healing while you have been here. Mrs. Rowe is a wonder to me. A woman of her years, too!"

"I, too, have been rummaging in my Uncle's library," said Beatrice, "and have been reading some books by Canon Farrar on the early days of the Apostles, and he says much of the Revelation of St. John the Divine was given in cipher, or in figures of speech, which the times were not ready for, because the prophecies might be interpreted by the ruling powers to refer to them, but that some one would interpret or unveil them, when they were *able to*. That is the way with the matter you speak of. If anyone can or does do it, doesn't that show that the human conscious-

ness is ready for it? The fact that it has been done with numberless resultant blessings from it proves to me, that the time has come. I believe Mrs. Eddy hoped some one would dig, and dig until he found the inner meaning. And this Mr. Walter has done. Yes, Aunt Delia is doing splendidly. In fact, she rebukes me if I say an unscientific thing. This morning she was telling me that when Uncle Andrew had his last sickness, she was in bed with a hard cold, and fully expected to stay there a week. The nurse came in and told her Uncle was failing fast. She was so surprised and shocked that she arose, dressed and waited on him every hour he lived, and never even remembered she had ever thought she had a cold. It completely vanished."

"Yes, I had a little conversation with her this morning as she sat on the porch," answered Mrs. Cartwright," and her understanding of metaphysics surprised me. She talked beyond some people who have had the regular class teaching. She wanted me to take one of Mr. Walter's books home with me, but I could not bring myself to do that. It cannot be right to delve into outside literature like that, and I am distressed that you do it."

Beatrice waited to let Henri reply, which he did as he gazed off over the hills in the distance. "Suppose

I had argued that way when Beatrice offered to let me read Science and Health two years ago when we met in Vienna! Suppose I had said, 'I have never heard of anybody named Eddy, and I do not care to read any philosophy written by a foreign woman, especially. The learned works of my native land and of other European countries are good and I will not delve into anything else.' Would I not have automatically cut myself off from knowing the truth contained in Mrs. Eddy's books? I cannot look at life that way. I cannot be restricted in my search for God,—and man."

"And man?" exclaimed Mrs. Cartwright, in a surprised tone.

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"To be honest, I don't. Except that he is the image of God."

"Mr. Walter's works would make it clearer to you, then."

"But I do not care to read them. They are subtle."

"How do you know?"

"I have been told so," persisted Mrs. Cartwright, shaking her head.

"I was told that Christian Science was a clever imitation of hypnotism, but I wanted to see for myself, then I would be able to answer intelligently."

"Of course, you are both free to read what you choose, if you care to take the responsibility, but I am not willing to," said Mrs. Cartwright.

"Well," said Henri as they moved on, "Let's rest the whole thing on two famous sayings in the New Testament, one by Jesus: 'Every plant that my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up,' and the one by Gamaliel, so logical and fair: 'If this work be of men it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it'."

And they passed on down the shady street, a great peace in their hearts, for each one was honest in his viewpoint and time alone must test their standpoints and their convictions.

CHAPTER XVII.

In Romany.

The lurching of the rude cart had ceased and Nicholas could hear the soft panting of the horses and the jabbering of many soft voices in an unknown tongue. How long had he been in this heaving, rumbling bed on wheels? Where was he? Who were these people talking so earnestly outside? When did he enter this covered wagon? He remembered nothing of it. He had eaten and drank at intervals, and had roused enough from his stupor to sense that he was moving, always moving. He had often thought half sleepily, "Oh, if I could only be still and comfortable!" But the jerking and creaking had gone on and on indefinitely. Now they had stopped and he was fully awake. He even remembered his name. It seemed to be Nicholas,—Nicholas Alexandrovitch—Nicholas, son of Alexander, or Nicolai, as the Russian name was called.

What was he doing *in this wagon?* Where was Vladimir and the old Hebrew and the young singer who carolled something about nightingales? He would tap on the steam pipes and find out the meaning of all this queerness. The men in the next rooms would know, oh yes, they would tell him. They were

friends. Then through his dazed mind ran a gleam of remembrance which brought the clue to his present state. The tapping on the steam pipes had said something was up. They would sleep with their clothes on. Something was up! Yes, in a flash he saw himself crouching on the stair rail, coming before a closed door, an open door, a murky court-yard dripping with rain, a cigarette being lighted, an open gate, a free road ahead, walking by night and sleeping by day, a friendly brook, the ever-present I AM, fresh courage, a breakfast of wild strawberries, then a blank. He must have been picked up and carried off bodily, and as the idea forced itself home, his hair stood on end, his teeth chattered and he broke out in a cold perspiration. Surely he must be outside the walls of Moscow, and would be facing the Commandant of The Cheka in a few hours, or would it be only minutes. He imagined he could see the metal cover of the peep-hole pushed aside and the Captain's piercing eye looking in upon him, only upon *him*. Under the action of these quickly formed beliefs and fears, Nicholas Louma sank again into the unconscious state he had been in for many days.

"Aha!" laughed Marie outside, shaking a slim finger at a robust young man, "he is a very good looking fellow, I think, and so does Margarita. All the girls

are in love with him. Ana and Tatiana and all of us."

"Huh! He is but a *Gorgio!*" exclaimed the other in a tone of contempt, as he moodily whittled a stick. "You girls make me sick! He is probably an escaped convict. You will get yourself into trouble by keeping him any longer. Take my advice and chuck him out."

"Ah, Ilya, your voice roars like a lion, but your heart is as soft as a doe. Chuck him out on the roadside after these weeks of nursing! Chuck yourself!" and she picked up a small stick and threw it at him as he turned away and strode down the hill towards some other men who were corralling the beasts for the daily rest. The girl, Marie, turned with a light laugh to Tatiana, Margarita, and Ana, who had in the meantime drawn near, and began to sing mockingly a little gypsy rhyme they all knew:

"Poraquel luchipen abajo
"Abillela un balichoro,
"Abillela a goli goli,
"Ustilame Caloro."

The young man, Ilya, caught the mocking words as the fresh young voices rang out, and they meant that he should.

"There runs a pig down yonder hill,
"As fast as e'er he can.

"And as he runs, he crieth still,
"Come steal me, gypsy man!"

The sound of the singing so near the covered wagon wherein lay Nicholas roused him again to take cognizance of his surroundings. Surely that was not the singing of prisoners in the Cheka. It sounded care free and joyous, and he tried to rise to his feet, but found himself unable. So he lay and listened. What were those strange words? Not Russian. Not German. Not Greek. Then he remembered a young boy that had been brought in the prison one day, whose stay had been brief. He spoke little, but the little he did speak sounded like this tongue he was now hearing. Like all Continent-born people of education, Nicholas was somewhat of a linguist, and now he remembered the boy's voice plainly. Yes, that was the language. The men in his room had not known it, but someone had telegraphed the information by way of the pipes that a gypsy or two had been run in. That must be it, he had been carried off by a wandering band of gypsies, that mysterious, half vagabond race which drifts from Asia to Europe and from Africa to America. A great wave of intense relief swept over him and he felt stronger and even able to knock on the side of the cart to summon someone to come to him. Almost at once the flap at the foot of his bed was lifted and a merry,

tawny face wreathed in smiles looked in. Her hair, coal black and lustrous, was interwoven with gay beads and ribbons, and eyes like sparkling jet gazed straight into his. It was the first sight of a woman's face he had had in many months, and his eyes clung to hers without a word being spoken by either. Over her shoulder looked Ana and Tatiana, for they had not been permitted by Marie and her father to wait on the strange *Gorgio* picked up by the brookside, and they hungered for a sight of him. Marie had insisted that since she had been the one to propose taking him along with them, since it had been *her* father and *her* sweetheart, Ilya, who had lifted him to their cart, therefore he belonged to her.

"Little sister," he ventured in the soft Russian tongue, "where are we? You are not taking me back to Moscow, are you?" He did not know whether she would understand him, but to his surprise she answered him readily. "Ah, you are awake. Good! I get you some bread and milk from my very own goat," and before he could call out, she had disappeared, dragging the other girls forcibly after her. She soon returned bearing a quaint cup of gay pottery and a generous piece of dark bread. She climbed into the wagon and squatted beside him as she held the cup to his lips. "I go get you a chicken, a fat young pullet tonight when

the sun goes to bed. I know where there are some. I spied them as we rode along, back yonder a piece. A nice little farm with a real cow and poultry. I chose you a nice red chicken, plump and young. She will melt in your mouth." And she made a little sound with her lips to illustrate how good it would taste.

"But the chicken is precious. Perhaps they will not sell it. And anyway I have not a hundredth part of a ruble," he said between sips of the milk.

She threw her head back and laughed, then said with an expressive shrug, "Oh, I steal it. I just take it, wring its neck so, and bring it to Matushka to make a stew for you, my Gorgio," she ended shyly.

The word "Gorgio" he well knew was the Romany word for a non-Gypsy, a Gentile or heretic. Yes, they were gypsies. Thank God! He was so relieved that he uttered the ejaculation aloud, and she quickly picked him up.

"What do you mean by 'Thank God'? We have no word for God in our tongue. I have heard it in Russia. Tell me."

He lay back with a delicious sense of rest and safety, warmed by the food and cheered by the presence of a sympathetic human.

"It was God that made you pick me up and bring me along with you," he said. "God is good. God is Mind. God is here."

She started slightly and looked around the wagon's interior. "Wouldn't your God have saved your life if we had not come along?" she queried.

"Yes, I think so. I felt before I sank to sleep that day that He was near, that the great I AM of the universe would see me through," he replied.

"See you through!" she repeated. "And we were led to that field and that brook and,—"

"And God spoke to you, that is, you felt a strong, kind impulse to take me with you, and you did; you were a good Samaritan, so now I say Thank God!"

"Why don't you thank me, Marie, instead of God?" she persisted, fastening her black velvety eyes on him. "I told Ilya and Father to put you in the cart. You have my bed. I don't see where this other being, God, comes in. We have no such being or name in Romany."

"I do thank you, Marie, with all my heart. You have been goodness itself, but this goodness, we are taught, comes from God."

"Where is God?" she asked. "In your heart, I think," he answered with a smile.

She shook her head as if not able to comprehend, then sprang up to leave him.

"We are to stay here twenty-four hours," she said. "We are in a hidden valley, which the Gorgios know

not of, and we feel safe, and must give the animals a good rest, for now the way is steep and rough."

He reached up and pulled her skirt gently. "Tell me, Marie, little sister, where *are* we? I must know before I can sleep again."

"We are in the Palm of The Hand, a secret ravine known only to us gypsies, not many miles from Jassy. You are quite safe."

"Jassy!" he exclaimed in delight. "Roumania! And safety. Thank God!"

"There you thank God again. I think you had better thank Ilya and Father who drive our beautiful horses, Boy and Wildfire. They draw you all the time when the rest of us have to walk. They are very good animals. I love them. I walk beside them sometimes and talk to them. They understand. My dogs understand too. You Gorgios, you do not understand. You think they know nothing. I tell you they know more than lots of people I have seen. The little chicken, when I catch her, I tell her she give her life for you, a nice sick man, although a Gorgio." She pronounced the last word sorrowfully, regretfully, for she well knew a vast gulf separated her from any Gorgio ever born.

"You must not steal the chicken for me, Marie. I do not like it. No, no."

She sprang from the cart with a mischievous shake of her head and with flashing teeth smiled back at him as she began to sing:

"There runs a chick down yonder hill,
"As fast as e'er she can.
"And as she runs, she crieth still,
"Come steal me, gypsy man!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Clover and Mustard Seed.

During the early days of August, Ralph Potter and wife were planning to motor to Maine, stopping in Boston on their way, and they had asked Rose to accompany them. This she hesitated to do, as she felt she must let nothing interfere with her mental work for Nicholas, and her intensive study on the subject so near her heart. But Mr. Malcolm, when advised of the proposed trip, did not advocate her remaining in New York during the sultry weather, and asked why she did not write to Beatrice Rochelle and inquire if she could not get board near her, in Stratford. The plan pleased Rose, in fact it seemed ideal; she at once telephoned to Mrs. Fox who lingered near the metropolis, and this good lady jumped at the suggestion and added one of her own.

"Could you all stand it if Willard Fox and I tagged along too? We just love the Rochelles, and as they will be returning to the other side before long, and we out to the Coast it may be some few—well, I'll say months—before we meet again. We could board where you did and have such a good visit. And I, for one, want to meet Aunt Delia. Beatrice writes such

interesting things about her. She isn't afraid to speak right out in meeting. What do you say?" Rose, of course, fell in heartily with the idea and Mrs. Fox said she would have her husband telephone to Beatrice at once and inquire about a hotel. So it all fell out that within three days the group of people from the four corners of the earth were again assembled together, with one purpose and one intent, to learn more of the mysteries of life, of existence, the "What and the Why" as Aunt Delia said.

One morning, a week after their arrival, Beatrice and Henri called at the hotel to see the friends from New York, for they had an important bit of news.

"I had a letter from Mr. Malcolm this morning," began Beatrice, "and he has a wonderful plan. At least Henri and I think it wonderful, and so does Aunt Delia."

"I will endorse it then," said Willard Fox, "without further particulars."

"It is this. He knows we all want to be taught by him before we separate, and he proposes that he come up here and hold his class at our house."

"Magnificent!" ejaculated Sallie Fox, clapping her hands. "Oh, I can hardly wait. Won't that be just fine?"

"Yes, so much better than in the heat of the city,

and we, my husband and I, find we shall have to return to Switzerland early next month, in fact, in about three weeks. Henri has had a cable."

"Did you say Aunt Delia, too?" asked Mr. Fox, who had devoted himself to her since his arrival in Stratford. "I think that will be great. She is wonderfully clear and intelligent in her reasoning. I spoke to her today about your possibly forming a Christian Science church or society in Switzerland in accordance with Mr. Walter's teachings, and she answered as quick as a wink, 'Nothing of the kind. A church is for creeds and beliefs. A science must be taught in schools the same as other branches of education. When anyone asks me hereafter what my church *believes* about this or that, I'll tell 'em, but when they ask me what is the real fact of a thing, like mathematics, or Christian Science, I'll tell 'em they will have to study to find out. I had to'."

"Yes, that sounds like her. And how true it is that we are not going to start any church or any movement. We are just to demonstrate what we know," said Henri. "And Aunt Delia is indeed anxious to study with Mr. Malcolm—if he will take her."

"Now we are going to learn how to reason correctly," said Rose Northup, "how to reason from the position that mentality is cause, that the body is effect.

I can hardly wait to learn more of this wonderful subject. Jesus' teachings are illumined to me now."

"Mr. Malcolm also says," went on Beatrice, "that a clergyman's wife who had been recently healed of a growth by him, wishes to enter this class. So she would come and board here too."

Sallie Fox and Rose exchanged glances, while Mr. Fox nudged his wife and said, "Well, your learned discourse that day in Mr. Malcolm's office didn't sicken her of Christian Science. You wandered all over the Old Testament and talked to her in all the dead languages if I remember correctly."

"You gave her new life and hope," put in Rose warmly. "I watched her expression change while you talked. And in regard to dead languages, I believe there are treasures buried in them yet, which haven't been uncovered. Nicholas used to say so. He loved to browse in museums and pore over queer looking documents."

"Well, anyone who can read *Russian,*" exclaimed Mrs. Fox, "I will take off my hat to! Sanskrit would be nothing to him. He could read that as readily as I manage to stumble over French verbs."

"I believe you are right, Miss Northup," said Henri, earnestly. "I have often looked at those queer characters in museums too, and wondered what thoughts

they had brought down through the dim ages from past thinkers. We have only a small part of them translated into our tongues. And very often where a choice of words was possible the translation was colored by the theological beliefs of the translators."

"To come down from antiquity to the present year of our Lord, right here in these United States," said Sallie Fox energetically, "I want to ask *what* those senators, et cetera, in Washington are doing to rescue our Nicholas? I am getting provoked. We don't hear a thing."

"Perhaps his escape will come about in another way," said Henri. "Perhaps Mind alone will aid him directly. We haven't heard anything encouraging from the Goodmans in Smyrna, but they have notified all the relief workers and English and American consulates in that part of the world to be on the lookout for him. However, a raven aided Elijah, and angels ministered to Jesus and Peter. We don't have to have government aid, when depending on the ever-present help. I am confident Captain Louma is safe somewhere."

"And so am I," added Rose. "I have felt it ever since I caught the inner meaning of his conclusion of the song, 'Moonlight will come again.' You know the last few measures of that song were all his own.

He changed abruptly into the major key, and that showed me he had a strong hope, amounting almost to a positive conviction that he would escape and come home to me. And we all know what such a positive conviction will do."

"It will move mountains," said Beatrice sympathetically, "and pluck up a sycamore tree by the roots. The little mustard seed has the power to grow and become a tree, and so must our faith and understanding. It will finally objectify itself as the object we hope and pray for, not a tree, perhaps, but something equally wonderful and grand. How many lessons we can get if we really study Nature!"

"Yes," assented her husband. "Aunt Delia is never without a bunch of clover now. She draws parable after parable from it. The last thing she propounded was—'why does clover when eaten by a hen turn into an egg, and when eaten by a cow turn into milk and cream?'"

"What was her explanation?" queried Willard Fox.

"She said she had pondered it hour after hour, and had concluded eggs and milk and feathers and clover were all made by and of the same substance, viz.: Mind, or mentality."

"Good! Mrs. Eddy speaks of something quite similar on pages 26 and 27 of Miscellaneous Writings.

She says, 'The only logical conclusion is that all is Mind and its manifestation, from the rolling of worlds, in the most subtle ether, to a potato-patch.' And again, 'Is a stone spiritual? To erring material sense, No! but to unerring spiritual sense, it is a small manifestation of Mind, a type of spiritual substance'," replied Mr. Fox.

"Come over to the piano," said his wife rising, "and let's sing Nicholas' song again. I haven't heard it for some weeks."

CHAPTER XIX.

The Little Red Hen.

At nine o'clock that July night it was still not dark, so Marie, the Roumanian gypsy girl, resolved to set out for the farmhouse where she had "chosen" the little red pullet for her Gorgio. She would steal forth alone from out the shadows cast by the wagons and skirting the group of pine trees reach the rough cart path over which they had come that morning.

Ilya must not know it, he must not miss her. She could go more quickly alone, her step would be fleeter, she would run less danger of being caught by the owners of that little red hen, for Marie well knew how precious was any sort of food in these famine days. She would find the roost, then grab her prize and tuck it under her arm, waiting till she reached her own camp before she wrung its neck. She looked about for a chance to make her start unnoticed. Ilya and another young man were piling brush on the camp fires, for the night must be utilized to do their cooking, as they were to break camp at dawn and push on over the Roumanian border, through a narrow pass in the steep hills known only to the gypsy folk,—or so they imagined.

She had confided to her mother that she was going

foraging and begged her to have a kettle of boiling water ready. Her mother had frowned and said: "There is no need of your doing that, Marie. Let the men find any extra food we may need. I like not your roaming over these fields and lanes. In fact, I have a feeling of ill, tonight. My heart is heavy. Your fate may be near. Take Ilya with you."

"Ah Matushka, Mother, you always are feeling things in your bones," she replied rather crossly. "If my fate is near I cannot help it. It will come, so why fret? But you keep the pot boiling and I'll have something to put in it when I return."

"Little Marie," urged her mother earnestly, "go not out alone. When you were born the signs pointed to a strange life for you when you were grown. And all day today I have watched you with pain in my heart. There is a line in your palm that I like not."

"Shucks!" exclaimed this gypsy maid, tainted with modern contempt for superstition, yet not knowing how to explain away the slight terror born in her breast by her mother's earnest words.

So she sped down the rude road, over the rough fields to the low hut where dwelt a few peasants ekeing out a bare existence from the land. Yes, there was a small out-house where no doubt slept the desired pullet. She could go up in the shadow of the fence,

for it was now quite dark and the moon was only just rising. No lights showed in the hut. The people had of course retired early to get ready for their early rising. She had a clear coast ahead. Her little hand soon found the pullet (there were only four), and as quick as a wink she tucked the chicken under her arm and sped back down the lane and into and across the fields.

Her heart was light, and under her breath she sang this ditty:

"Poraquel luchipen abajo
"Abillela un balichoro
"And as he runs, he crieth still,
"Come steal me, gypsy man!"

"Come steal me, gypsy man!" rang out her fresh young voice as she neared the turn in the path where she would be able to see the fires of her people and feel safe again. Someway, Matushka's warnings had made goose pimples and she shivered suddenly as a night bird rose near her feet and she stumbled over a root. She would run. So talking in a crooning voice to the little red hen she sped on till she came to a wall near the main road. Now, she was almost home. In five minutes more Matushka would be preparing the delicious pullet for its sacrifice. "You know," she whispered, "you just love to give up your life for my

Gorgio. He is such a nice sick man. You won't really die. You will—" Just here a tall form rose from beyond the wall, a rattle of a sabre fell on her ear and she looked into the muzzle of a revolver.

"Hold up your hands! Skorée, Quick!" said a gruff voice. She was too frightened to speak at first, too frightened to move. "Skorée!" urged the voice from out the blackness.

"I cannot let go my hen, sir," she replied. "It is for a nice sick man."

"A nice sick man, eh?" Perhaps just the one we are after. Where is he?"

"Over yonder in our camp," said the girl, her teeth chattering. Oh, if Ilya had only followed her. If Matushka had only sent him! Where, where was Father!

"A good chicken stew would be a savory bit for me, myself. Lead the way, and no tricks, now," responded the man as he climbed the wall and took her arm. "Come tell me about your patient, little gypsy! Where did you find him?"

"How did you know we found him?" parleyed the girl to gain time, as she quickened her step as much as he would allow.

"Oh, we know everything. You can't hide from us. We have eyes all over Russia. We police,—"

"Police!!" gasped the girl. Now it was all up! Her nice sick Gorgio would be taken away, back to prison probably. That must not be! She would not permit it. She would prevent it. She was a true gypsy, and would use all her wiles. So she changed her tone entirely. "You police make us gypsies laugh. We are the ones who know the secrets. We can read them in the stars and in the brooks, even in the palm of your hand. I knew you were coming. I saw it in the sinking sun, and so did Matushka."

"The devil, you did!" ejaculated the officer, surprised by the turn the talk had taken. "Well then, you can tell me where a fellow is, a dangerous counter-revolutionist who escaped from The Cheka a few weeks back. We are scouring the country for him. In order to win my promotion I am *going* to find him, dead or alive. Did you see that in the sun, moon or stars?"

She thought quickly how best to answer him, then said shaking her head emphatically, "No. Anything as personal as that I must read in your palm. Hurry to the firelight that I may see it. And I must hurry too, to give this pullet to Matushka for broth for my sick husband. He is very weak, and this would be strengthening, especially when you steal the chicken to make the broth."

"Oh, does that make a difference?"

"In Romany it does. Yes indeed. I steal it in *order* to make a drink for my sick husband, to make him strong, so that is what it does. We have magic in Romany."

"You have magic in your eyes, little one. Give me a nice kiss now, and I'll let you have the pullet,—for—for your husband, the nice sick man, you called him at first." He bent towards her, but as quick as a cat she held up the chicken in front of her and his face came in contact with a mass of soft feathers. Her merry laughter rang out and she began singing the nonsense rhyme in a loud clear voice, for they were now approaching the camp. She sang in the gypsy tongue and her nimble mind composed fresh words to fit the tune. She was telling her friends what had happened, something like this:

"A dog of a police found me.
"He is after my nice Gorgio,
"I have told him it is my husband
"Who is sick in the wagon.
"All of you help me. Swear
"The sick man is my husband.
"Ilya, too. You swear it,
"And Matushka, my mother."

The man, not understanding her, reverted to his last words with her.

"You imp," he exclaimed. "Where is this husband? I must see him. What is his name?" They were now passing the first wagon and some gypsy children gazed at them curiously.

"Help me to fool this police dog!

"Swear the Gorgio is my gypsy,"

sang Marie gaily, though with a nervous chill creeping over her as they were now passing the very cart in which lay her nice sick man whom she must, must save. She had heard wild tales of returned prisoners, those unfortunate individuals who had been caught and condemned.

"What is his name?" urged the man, thinking to surprise from her the name of the man he sought.

"Janos Kopek," she lied glibly. "And a very fine name it is."

"Humph! That sounds Hungarian, not Russian."

"For once your police knowledge is right. My husband is a Hungarian gypsy, of course. As for Gorgios, I loathe them. If I saw one lying beside the road sick and in trouble, I would pass him by on the other side." The lie stuck in her throat and she almost choked. "Here we are at the fire. Now I can read your palm. Matushka, I brought this stranger in for a bit of bread, and to have me tell him a few things. You feed him while I put the chicken away

safely." She walked to the flap door of their wagon, and thrust the pullet in, whispering frantically, "Gorgio! Lie quiet. A man is here after you. I met him in a field. I have said you are my—my—my nice sick husband. I will keep him away from the wagon if I can." With this she vanished, and Nicholas Louma lay almost stunned and trembling from the shock of the news. He had been told he was not far from Jassy, so had supposed he was on Roumanian soil, although in these troublous times and in the remote regions even that might not save him unless he could find an American Embassy or Consulate. Tears of despair smarted in his eyes, when a soft furry thing fluttered through the darkness and settled in the curve of his arm. It was the little red hen.

It seemed to Nicholas, coming out of the blackness like that, a messenger of comfort, and he stroked her feathers whispering, "Why, oh why are we men so cruel to each other? Why can't we just *try* to love—a little? It would solve everything." A great peace seemed to steal into his heart as he stroked the small bird who fluttered half frightened on his arm. There was no material thing he could do, to escape. He was far too weak to walk. If he could go a short distance he would not dare to go out of sight of the camp fires. He would be utterly lost. He could not walk, he

argued, but he could pray. The same I AM was present to help him that had given him the chance a month or more ago in The Cheka.

He could look through a small hole in the wagon top and see the gleaming firelight and the band of fantastic figures crowding around the stranger. If he strained his ears he could listen, for Marie was speaking. She was bending over his hand.

"You have a very fine hand, well marked. Yes, a hand to be proud of. I see promotion ahead of you and riches, but—" here she paused for she must not help him to think he was going to catch the man at once. He must be made to move on. "But not right now. Next year will be full of good fortune for you, if you do as I say. Go back the way you came, to a wide piece of water. Your good fortune lies beside that water. I think it is the man you look for." He drew his hand suddenly from hers and said roughly, "I see through your tricks. You are trying to get me to move on. But I will not, not until I search every wagon on the place." Nicholas stirred on his pallet of straw. "O God!" he breathed. "Not The Cheka again! The Commandant! The firing squad! When I am within a stone's throw of Roumania and an American Embassy! How many times have I besought thee in days past, but no answer came until

the night I left Moscow. How canst thou be so unloving? I AM THAT I AM, the old Hebrew said was the name for God. O God, explain it to me. I am in—" he paused. He had said "'I am" of himself. What could it all mean? Was the soul, the essence, the self-existent part of himself, of the flower growing in the court-yard at The Cheka, of this little pullet here, at one with the great I AM of the whole universe? If so, then this applied to the Russian policeman outside. And that substance, that essence, that I AM, was Love! I AM THAT I AM meant I AM WHAT I AM, and the "what" was Love. Of course that was the answer. He would not worry. He need not worry or fear. Had he not heard somewhere "All things work together for good to them that love God"? Naturally, since the I AM of all things was Love. He talked to his little companion in a whisper, and told her of his newly discovered secret, hid from the foundation of the world. She seemed to him to listen, to cock her head on one side and listen.

But what was this they were saying as they drew nearer his wagon? "What is the name of the man you look for?" asked Ilya who tagged him closely, to guard Marie. Now none in the gypsy caravan knew the name of their guest lying ill in the rude cart, for

it was only today that he had been at all rational. Nicholas not realizing this, not remembering all the details of his capture and stay with them, listened intensely for the answer.

"What difference does it make what his name is? He escaped under cover of the darkness the very night he was to have been executed at The Cheka. And we are out, a hundred strong, to find him.

A mist swam before Nicholas' eyes as he heard these words. Executed! Executed! He had escaped just in time. His clutch on the bird loosened. His arm fell back, his head rolled to one side. He was again unconscious.

"Give me that torch, fellow!" stormed the officer, "and let me have a look at this Hungarian husband, this n-i-c-e s-i-c-k m-a-n," he drawled in imitation of Marie's voice. "I must see what sort of a looking chap he is who captured this dainty piece of a Tzigani," and he chucked Marie familiarly under the chin.

Ilya, who was at her side, scowled savagely and clenched his fists. If this Russian dog of a *Gorgio,* police or no police, laid a finger on her again, it would be the worse for him.

"Here is your torch," said Marie's father. "But we asked what his name was because we saw a skulking fellow over yonder, two suns back. He told us his

name when we fed him, but I have forgotten it. If I heard it again I might recognize it." But the officer would not follow the trail of the man "over yonder, two suns back."

"Oh, begone with you! Give way! Let me open this flap and look inside!" He raised the curtain and thrust in the streaming torch. But this was too much for the little red hen. She gathered all her strength, fear lent her wings, and she flew towards that terrible flame, that sudden glare, and her sharp little beak bit and picked at the very eyelids of the officer of the Soviet police. He cursed everybody and everything and hurled the torch from him as he raised his arms to defend himself. What demon from the lower regions had they confined in that cart? He had always heard tales of the gypsies' familiarity with the Evil One, and now he had had ocular proof. He stumbled away from the cart, through the crowding, chattering Tzigani, who, except Marie, her father and mother, were unaware of the author of the attack.

"I am blinded for life, curse you!" yelled the man. "What infernal region is this, anyway? Let me get out of here. Take me to the highway and leave me quick! skorée!"

"He isn't blind at all," said Marie's father calmly. "I stood close by. The chicken only pricked his lid till

the blood ran down and blinded him. He will see too well in a day or two. Then look out! Harness the horses, you Ilya and Ivan You Basil and Gregorio. Let's get over the border into our beloved Roumania, where these midnight bandits do not molest peaceful folk."

His word was law to the tribe, and they sprang to obey him with alacrity. But Marie was not satisfied yet. This might be the only chance she would have to learn the real name of the nice sick Gorgio. Perhaps he himself would not tell her the truth. Perhaps he might die!

So she walked over to the now blinded and helpless police, saying softly, "Sir, if you would trust me with the name of your prisoner I would keep a strict watch out for him, and that would help you now that you are wounded. And I would catch him quick, and hold him fast till we got to other nice policemen like you. Skorée, tell me, Marie."

Two men held his arms to guide him to the road and leave him there, so he bent and whispered in her ear, "His name is Vladimir Ivanovitch Roussoff," and he left her saying over and over the name of the man she was harboring, or so she believed.

Thus it came about that two days later when the little caravan had threaded its way as rapidly as possible

through the wild pass in the mountains and reached Jassy, it was as Vladimir Roussoff that they reported the stranger they had picked up, to the Red Cross headquarters, Marie's father insisted that this be done. They must not have him die on their hands. He must have a doctor and the medicines that the Gorgios used.

The doctor came and examined the man, shook his head, and said to Ilya who stood by, "Will it be possible for you to keep him in your camp a short time? Our small hospital is overcrowded, we are short of nurses, and this man ought not to be moved anyway. Have you a strong woman to nurse him? If so, fetch her. I will give her instructions." Marie, who was listening outside the cart lost no time in convincing the Gorgio doctor that she was the very one for the task. So the doctor left with pity in his heart for the escaped Russian prisoner, for such he felt him to be. As he left the camp and turned into the road he met the automobile of the American Minister, who bade the chauffeur stop and take in the well known Red Cross physician.

"A sad case I have just left. A poor Russian gentleman fleeing the authorities, I fear. The gypsy band picked him up. They are kind at heart," said the doctor.

"His name?" inquired the Minister quickly.

"Vladimir something. His last name begins with

'R' I think. It is on the records at the office."

"It is strange," mused the American, "that we cannot get the slightest trace of Captain Nicholas Louma of the United States Marines."

"Yes," returned the other, "I am keeping a sharp watch out for news of him. But Russia is so immense, and so chaotic at present."

CHAPTER XX.

"WHATSOEVER."

The class taught by Mr. Malcolm in Stratford was finished. The last word had been said, the last question answered. They had all left the room except Rose who lingered, reluctant to go.

"Were you satisfied, Miss Northup? asked the teacher with a smile. "Do you feel you are now an understander instead of a believer?"

"Oh, yes. Indeed I am more than satisfiel. It was wonderful, wonderful. It will take me long to digest it all, but—"

"But what? Have you another question? I shall be glad to stay an hour longer if necessary. I want you completely satisfied."

"I am so troubled about Nicholas today, and yesterday, too. I can not get him out of my mind. If I do not get some further news of him soon, I just don't know what I shall do. Can you tell me what to think? How else to work than I have been doing? My work seems vague and indefinite now."

"I am glad you spoke of that, Miss Northup," replied Mr. Malcolm. "It is very important *not* to have our work vague and indefinite. If you set out to make a dress or a hat with just a vague idea in your mind

how you would make it or how it would look, I fancy you wouldn't have a very satisfactory result. Jesus said 'Whatsoever things you desire!' That is pretty definite, isn't it? Not a beating about the bush, not what someone else thinks best for you, not the things you would rather *not* have, but *whatsoever* things ye *desire!* Remember, these are not Mr. Walter's words nor mine. They are the words of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, he who said he was in heaven while yet on earth. He said in substance, if you want this mountain leveled, or this tree removed and cast into the sea, you *can do it*, if you know you can, if your faith in my words and works creates in you a similar faith in your own work. 'Nothing shall be impossible unto you.' Now can you tell me just what your desires are? It isn't necessary, you know, but perhaps I can help you more definitely and to the point if you tell me what is in your mind. If not, I will understand that you want to work it out yourself. You can do it. What has been done can be done again."

"I want Nicholas to return. I want to rent a certain little apartment before he comes, and furnish it, to have it ready. Oh," she exclaimed, "it would be such a happiness! I know just the place, and some things I want to buy, but I am afraid of outlining. You know we were taught not to."

"If we don't do some outlining of good for ourselves, not many others take the trouble to. Your wish is perfectly legitimate and right. If you think it will help you to expect news of Nicholas, to rent that apartment and fix it up, do so. Then *expect* him to come. Tell him to come. God, Good is always available, ever-present. Soul, you know we are told, sends its despatches everywhere. Send them and await an answer. Truth must be applied, the male element of Mind; then Love, the female element or conviction of certainty, must be applied too. This last is all-powerful when combined with true thinking. Together they are perfect understanding, or Mind."

"I thank you so much, dear Mr. Malcolm. Where would I be now if I had not found this teaching?"

"Where thousands of others are! In the fog of belief, and the slough of discouragement. Now get to work definitely. Outline whatsoever things ye desire, as long as they are good and right. Soul does not carry messages of evil. Only the right. Only the right!" and he left her to her thoughts.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Harvest Home.

Marie, the Tzigani, the Roumanian fiancee of Ilya, proved to be a capable as well as a faithful and untiring nurse, and one night in the last week of August her patient was able to sit in a hammock and watch a dance given by the young people of the tribe in honor of the approaching harvest, which was doubly grateful after the years of no crops, no food, all war and hunger.

Captain Louma had not asked where their camp was located. He had just been able to lie and rest, to bask in the sense of security and returning strength. He had made Marie sing to him many of the songs of her people, but of them all he liked best the light dainty little song he had first heard her sing, about the chicken, although she had often changed the subject of the verse at will. Now it was a pig, again it was a horse, and then it was a puppy. She had told him the story of his rescue by the quick and furious action of the little red hen. She told it with many embellishments and gestures, and her only regret was that in their hurried flight they had had to leave the pullet behind in the darkness.

Tonight at the dance, Marie was dressed in much gypsy gorgeousness. Ilya also was decked out with many sashes and trinkets. He carried his violin, on which he was no mean performer, and Basil and Ivan had their stringed instruments, not unlike guitars. It was a gala occasion in the neighboring tribes, and many visitors had come out to see the dances and the costumes. Marie was to sing to the accompaniment of her friends' music and Nicholas had painstakingly taught her the English words of the verse that had caught his fancy. He had written down the music as well as he could that day, for he wanted Rose to play and sing it when he should get back to New York. His faith in her never wavered. He knew she would be waiting for him. As this thought took shape in his mind he sat up. He must cable at once, at once! Tonight! Where was the camp? How far from Jassy? Could he send Ilya in with the message? No, Ilya was attentive to nothing but the dance and Marie. And then, too, he had no money.

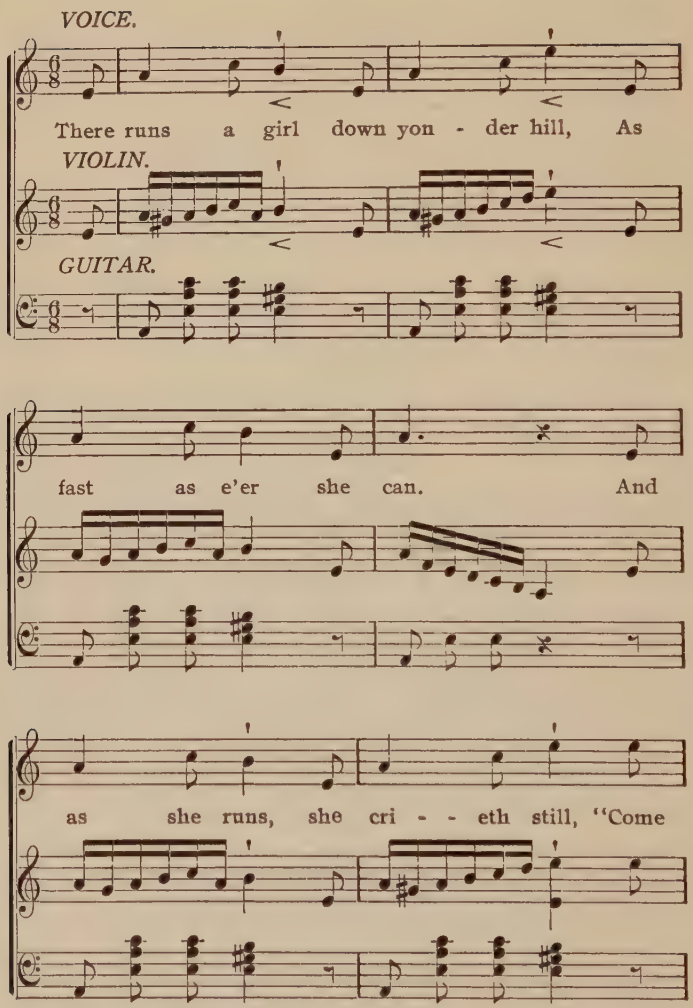
A lady and gentleman brought camp chairs and sat not far from his hammock. They seemed absorbed in the scene and conversed in low tones. The music of the dance struck up, the flying figures came out around the huge fire. The older gypsies filed into their places in the background and the entertainment had begun.

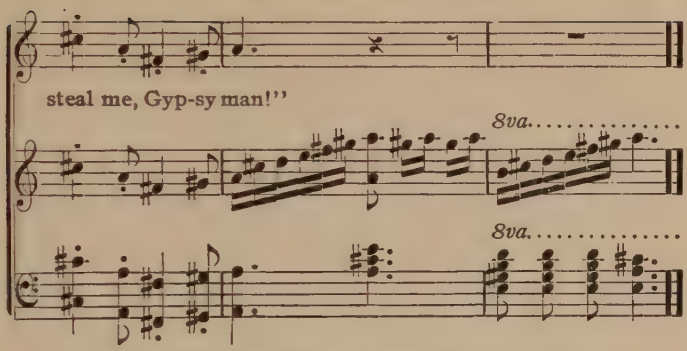
It was fascinating and, of course, new to Nicholas. He loved to watch it, to pick out from among the crowd his gypsy friends who had been so heavenly good to him. But his heart was not in it. His heart and mind were in New York, New York, where there were no wild campfires, no street dancing, no chattering Tzigani holding carnival. His body might be in the wilds of Roumania, but he, himself, was over seas, in the vast regions to the west, where the setting sun pointed every afternoon.

The lady and gentleman applauded enthusiastically. They stood up and called "Bravo! Brava!" Their voices were cultivated. He noticed they had on European, fashionable clothes. Perhaps they had a castle nearby in the mountains. Roumanian nobles, probably.

Now this was Marie and Ilya doing a dance together. How graceful they were. How her teeth flashed in the firelight. How Ilya kept his adoring eyes on his partner. She stopped her dance and the boys began the tum, tum, tum, of an accompaniment, wild, minor and haunting. It was his song.

The lady and gentleman stood up the better to see the singer, and Marie began to sing the English version he had taught her. This was it:


VOICE.
There runs a girl down yon - der hill, As
VIOLIN.
GUITAR.
fast as e'er she can. And
as she runs, she cri - - eth still, "Come



At the closing words she tossed her tambourine to Tatiana and began an intricate dance, weaving in and out among the spectators pursued by Ilya. As she passed Nicholas' hammock she sang out again, "Come steal me, Gypsy man!"

The lady and gentleman turned to watch her every movement, so faced Nicholas.

"What a wonderful dancer! What grace and abandon, Thomas," said the lady to her husband.

Their voices were unmistakably English! No,—could it be! Was not that accent dear old Yankee! With one stride, with sudden strength leaping into his muscles he reached their side.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "For God's sake, who are you?"

"I am the First Secretary of the United States Legation summering here in Jassy," said the man. "And this is my wife." Nicholas could only stare.

"And your name?" asked the lady gently, for she saw he was laboring under intense emotion.

"And my name is Captain Nicholas Louma, late of the United States Marines."

CHAPTER XXII.

The Mountain Call.

A week after the class closed at Stratford the same people met in Mr. and Mrs. Fox's suite at The Royal Arms Hotel, for Aunt Delia had accompanied her niece to New York to bid her and her husband Godspeed on the return voyage to their Swiss home, and Mrs. Gardner, the clergyman's wife, had been invited to join them at dinner that evening. The talk naturally drifted to the parting of the ways, and Aunt Delia was seen to wipe her glasses pretty frequently when the thought would overwhelm her that Beatrice and Henri were really going to leave America for an indefinite time. They had brought her so much light and joy that more than ever she felt reluctant to part with them. "Of course I know time and space are nothing nowadays," she said. "But that ocean looks mighty big and real, when you come to think of it. I know I promised you I'd come over next year, if you couldn't visit me, but it will take me twelve months to collect my courage. I shall have to take Mr. Malcolm along with me."

"An idea *par excellence*," said Henri quickly, "and one I wished to speak of to you, Mr. Malcolm. Seri-

ously, I wish you could see your way clear to come. We need you over there. There are thousands of unsatisfied folks, and we have had so little enlightenment on Christian Science that I really think it is your duty!" He smiled as he urgently spoke the last few words. And Beatrice clapped her hands softly in approval.

"What is the matter with you, yourselves, enlightening the people? You now have the understanding of Truth, of God and man, of Mind and understanding, and you must put these tools to work—else they will rust, as is exemplified by any material tool left unused long enough. We don't start new churches, nor any rival movement or faction. We study, and teach, and talk, and live the Truth."

"I am very eager to begin," said Beatrice. "What shall we do first when we arrive in Geneva and get settled in our own apartment?"

"I would recommend you to study, and when I say study, I mean to *study*, the thirteenth verse of the third chapter of Mark's gospel. Then when you see the meaning of it, do as Jesus did, and you may be surprised at the result. Your husband admits there are thousands of unsatisfied people, and Mrs. Eddy speaks of 'Millions of unprejudiced minds,—simple seekers for Truth, weary wanderers, athirst in the

desert' who 'are waiting and watching for rest and drink'."

"Give me a Bible and Mrs. Eddy's book," said Aunt Delia. "I want to look them up right away. I'm not going to Switzerland, but I'm going back to Stratford, and I know there are thirsty people there, if I can't call 'em unprejudiced."

"You will find that reference on page 570 of Science and Health," said her niece, "for when I was in relief work I used to read that every day. It seemed to apply. But I am anxious to read the verse in Mark. Here it is: "And he goeth up into a mountain, and calleth unto him whom he would: and they came unto him.' Goodness! How can I do that?" Her expression was so perplexed that Henri laughed out and said, "Mr. Malcolm laid particular emphasis on the word 'study.' If you could comprehend the verse at a glance he would not have urged the study of it."

"You see Jesus," began Mr. Malcolm, "had withdrawn himself with his disciples to the sea, after having healed the withered hand on the Sabbath day. This had so incensed the Pharisees that they sought to kill him, and he wished to get out of their way and further instruct his followers to carry on his work. But a vast multitude from the cities and from beyond the Jordan, and even from Tyre and Sidon thronged

him by the sea, so that he asked for a small boat that he might enter it and escape the crowds, who almost overwhelmed him in their eagerness to be healed and to hear and see some new thing. It was a spectacular occasion, according to the account, for diseases and unclean spirits, as they were called, were healed and the people admitted, 'Thou are the Son of God.' This was no place for quietly imparting definite instructions to the few he felt were ready for his teaching. So he told the people who had been healed not to blazon abroad who or what he was, for the authorities were seeking him even then. Now we come to the verse I spoke of. 'He goeth up into a mountain, and calleth unto him whom he would: and they came unto him'." As Mr. Malcolm's voice ceased and he looked intently at the little group of earnest listeners, they seemed to catch his meaning.

"Do you mean," asked Rose Northup, breathlessly, "that he called them through mind alone? If he was on a mountain, no ordinary call would reach the crowds below at the sea shore where he had just been. Does it say his disciples went with him up the mountain?"

Mr. Malcolm shook his head. "It says 'He goeth up into a mountain, and calleth unto him whom he would: and they came unto him. And he ordained

twelve, that they should be with him, and that he might send them forth to preach, and to have power to heal sicknesses, and to cast out devils. * * * * * And they went into an house. And the multitude cometh together again, so that they could not so much as eat bread.' If we do our work aright, those who are sincere, those who will take up and 'carry on' the message for the millions, will be drawn to us. So, Mrs. Rochelle, you can so work as to draw to you, to your understanding (loving consciousness of Truth), those who need and want what you have. And you won't have to spend your time in merely satisfying curiosity seekers or those who are continually seeking some new thing, like many of the multitudes which thronged Jesus, and drove him up into a mountain. From the literal and figurative mountain or exalted state of mind, he summoned the mentalities whom he wanted, the kind of thinkers who would spread his great message to the best advantage. Mark even gives their names, and they are spoken of throughout history as 'the twelve.' Think how they were chosen, how they responded and came! We, too, in this room have heard the call, and have come. Now let us see to it, that we 'carry on,' whether in Stratford, or Switzerland, in California or New York. We have the same hungry crowds

about us, treading on one another in the mad rush for something new, something to quench the longing for better things. We have the best thing of all, the Science of Being, of our Being and of their Being. You here are my 'seven,' a complete number. You are to go forth and gather together seventy times seven. And I will add," looking at Aunt Delia, "if Mrs. Rowe will consent to accompany me, I shall endeavor my best to get away from here next summer and visit the brave 'two' in Switzerland."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Moonlight Sonata.

The little group had listened so intently, had tried so hard to drink in the significance of every word the teacher spoke, that when the telephone gave a sharp buzz they were all startled, as though a ring of modernity had called them back from Palestine and the meeting of the twelve on the mountainside.

Mr. Fox answered the bell and they heard him say, "Yes, this is Willard Fox speaking. Oh, is this you Bennett? How is Washington, still pretty warm?"

"Washington!" gasped Sallie Fox grasping Rose's arm. Rose looked at her quickly. What did it mean? Anything of significance to her? Her heart began to pound. Her throat became dry and things looked queer. Could she endure it?

"The State Department, did you say? I can't hear very well. Poor connection. Well, well. * * * * * You don't say so! Hm, hm! Yes, I understand. A thousand thanks for calling me up immediately. I am returning home next month and will stop off and see you. So long, Bennett. Good-by."

"Now, Willard Fox, don't stand there smiling like a —like a—simpleton," said his wife with her customary candor. "We don't care how you look or what you

think, what we want to know is, *what* did Senator Bennett have to say about the State Department?"

Mr. Fox motioned to Rose to come into the adjoining room with him, but she was too faint to stir. "I would rather you broke it to me here," she managed to gasp, "where Mr. Malcolm is. I can't stand the suspense a minute more."

"And you won't have to. The State Department had a cable from Bucharest, Roumania, that they have Captain Nicholas Louma safe and sound at the embassy there. He is not yet able to travel but can leave in probably a month. Then we will have a wedding. Sallie, I am not going out to the Coast till I see that knot tied. How about you?" Beatrice had her arms about Rose who was sobbing from relief and joy. Not many dry eyes were left in the room for all knew what her problem had been, and they rejoiced with her. Mr. Malcolm broke the tension at last by saying, "How good Mind is! How it pays to work with patience and persistence! And now I have a proposal to make—if it meets with Miss Northup's approval. Let us all go out to the corner and take the Fifth Avenue 'bus down to the apartment she has just rented in East Eighth Street. It will be a happy memory to have when we are far away from each other—in person—for I know we will never be far apart in mind. But

when we are in the four quarters of the globe we will like to associate the good news of Captain Louma's safety with seeing Miss Northup in their future home. What do you say, bride-to-be?"

By this time Rose had somewhat regained her composure and assented eagerly to the plan, as did all the others. "I am so glad I had some of my things sent down there yesterday," she said as they rode along the avenue. "I had decided to go there to live, and leave my sister's home, for I have parted from my old way of thinking and we are agreed it would be better for me to go my way. Rose Ivanovna was coming to board with me so I would not be quite alone."

"Let her come and live there," suggested Henri, "and you accompany us to Europe and send for Nicholas to meet you in Geneva where you can be married from our home, then you can return to New York, get rid of your girl tenant and settle down in your apartment yourselves."

Beatrice enthusiastically seconded the plan, and Mr. Malcolm said calmly, "Why not? It sounds wise to me. I believe Captain Nicholas needs you."

"It sounds too wonderful to be true or possible," breathed Rose. "I don't see how I could finance such a trip. I cannot lay my hand on a thousand dollars in a minute. You take my breath away."

"If you conceive an idea, look at it, and then proceed to knock it down," said her teacher, "you won't get very far in bringing out your needs or desires. God, Good, supports and sustains every true, wise idea. If wise and good this *can* be done. Decide it that way."

The avenue as they saw it from the top of the 'bus was a blaze of glory. The September night was slightly overcast but the air was warm and mellow. As they left the lower end of Fifth Avenue and turned in to the darker street where was located the old fashioned brick house which had been remodeled into small suites, they glanced up at the sky and Sallie Fox stopped still and pointed dramatically to the slim crescent just visible between two scurrying clouds. "Moonlight *has* come again!" she exclaimed exultantly. "Now if I could only hear a nightingale everything would be complete." They paused on the steps of the house and gazed long at the beautiful symbol of Nicholas' prophecy.

"And the moon was there all the time," said Mr. Malcolm. "So with the truth of things, the everlasting harmony of the universe,—it just IS. Clouds seem to cover it from our view at times,—'whirling snow, nightingales gone,'—but it will and must appear, for perfection is the great and one Reality."

"I shall never see the moon without thinking of your story and this beautiful ending," said Mrs. Gardner as they turned to go in. "I do hope we can get a glimpse of Luna from one of our windows," replied Rose as she led the way to the third floor and let them into a small four-room suite partly furnished. They caught a sheen of old rosewood and walnut, of Russian brasses and crystal candelabra as Rose switched on the lights. Nothing was in place so they all volunteered to help her arrange the heavier pieces, and soon a great change was wrought and the effect was a charming living-room with two long windows giving an unobstructed view of the young sickle-moon now riding triumphantly above the scattering clouds.

Rose laid her hand caressingly on the brasses. "Nicholas left these in my keeping when he enlisted," she said. "They were brought from Russia by his mother, but they had belonged to his grandmother. Oh, now that I think it over seriously I see there is but one course possible—and that is to go to Roumania and bring him home. He needs me, I know, and I am going." She drew Mr. Malcolm aside to one of the windows, and said "Your simile of setting up an idea and promptly knocking it down did its work. And I have thought of a piece of land I own up the state which a neighbor has long wanted to buy, but I hes-

itated. Now I shall write him that he may have it. It won't lessen my income any for I derived none from it. Poor Nicky won't be very rich after his two or three years in prison." And she shuddered as she said it.

"I wouldn't mention the word 'prison' if I were you. I would forget it and help him to. As for his finances,—he will have some remuneration from our government I should think, back pay—or something. They surely will bear the expense of his transportation home."

"That doesn't worry me. If I can get to him I shall not wait for the cumbersome machinery of Washington to be oiled and set in motion. How can I ever thank you for what you have done for us?" she exclaimed impulsively grasping his hand.

"By doing as I proposed to Mr. and Mrs. Rochelle that they do. We cannot stop. We cannot cease to think, so let us think to some purpose, with a definite goal in view. You will not take *any* steamer here at the New York docks and just aimlessly wander around the high seas. You will buy your ticket for a certain port, land there, take a train for the certain city you wish to visit, which in your case will be Bucharest, and taxi to the embassy, ask to see Captain Louma and—"

"Oh! It is too wonderful! I see what you mean. We must have a goal in our thinking and work as well as in our walking or traveling. Mine shall be to gain further understanding and to bring what I know to the attention of the thousands upon thousands of people here who need help and enlightenment. I know that I was getting so desperate inside over my lack of success in demonstrating the Christ science that I was about ready to give up. The sense of Christian Science that I had was not holding me. I was all questions and buts and ifs. And I know many more in the same state of mind."

"Yes, we have all been floundering in mental darkness. We in this room have special cause for thanksgiving for we have found the true light," said Mr. Malcolm.

"Tell us a little about your experiences, would you?" asked Henri. "I want to have these things to think over when I get home, where no one will know about Mr. Walter and his writings."

Mr. Malcolm smiled and replied quietly, "Perhaps you will be surprised to know how many, not how few, are acquainted in a measure with his work even in Europe. My own experience was like that of thousands of others. After the first flush of faith and enthusiasm which I had in the beginning of my prac-

tice wore off, and I found cases dragging along, my own questions not answered satisfactorily, I found myself reaching out mentally for something more, some further unfoldment or development of Truth. It seemed to me it would take aeons for me to arrive at a definite understanding of Reality, and be able to prove it. This attitude of reaching out, of desiring further light, led me to notice one day what Mrs. Eddy said in Unity of Good in the chapter entitled 'Caution in the Truth.' I was amazed as I read it, for I saw that she more or less plainly implied that our present sense of Truth was but the seed within itself, which was to unfold and grow into a mighty tree, like the tiny mustard seed of the Bible. She made a definite prophecy that within another fifty years more of Truth and Good, God's nature would be apprehended by us. If you will read this chapter carefully you will see what I saw. Not two days after I noticed that, a former patient whom I had failed to heal, came to see me. He was the picture of health, although a man of some eighty years, and he brought a story written by a Mr. Walter, and asked me to read it, saying he had been healed by one of Mr. Walter's students. I could not help being interested, and I have kept on reading his writings ever since. They have cleared up in an amazing way the things I had not understood and had puzzled over for hours.

"When I obtained his greatest work, The Sickle, I saw at once that I held in my hands that which would, and did, enable me to see 'The What and The Why' of everything, of Truth, of Mind, of Love, of God and of man. The author had not been contented to just take the statements of Truth as one would take a pellet. He tasted them, tested them, analyzed, and dissected them, until 'a wayfaring man, though a fool need not err therein.' There is no veil in The Sickle. It is the calm, mature reasoning of a mentality which is fearless, logical, and brave. The results I have had following its study are so far ahead of the results I was getting before I began reading it, that I am more than satisfied. It does away completely with the idea that we are images of something else. It shows us how to read Genesis in a new light, and that while Mind can never be subdivided into pieces or bits, it is nevertheless 'Christ *in* you, the hope of glory.' 'The father *in* me which doeth the works.' God is not divisible for He is not matter, but Mind. And Mind, like the air or the multiplication table does not fall in the category of divisible things. It showed me that I am a particle of that one Mind, that one Intelligence, and with this as a basis from which to reason and work, truly 'nothing shall be impossible unto you.' The image and like-

ness are not *you,* but the image of *you.* You are far greater than you suppose.

I well remember the first time I tried to demonstrate what I had learned after studying The Sickle. I was in my office seeing a patient and a parade passed below my window. The patient remarked she would like to see the celebrity who was riding by, and I told her we could, by leaning out of the windows, gaze down on the top of his head. We did so. I did not push my window up very far and in drawing back into the room I came up with terrific force against the sharp window edge. The blow struck me on top of my head and after a moment I felt stunned and queer, faint and weak. She had not noticed my accident as she looked out a moment longer than I. My first thought was, 'Can I reach my morris chair and stretch out before I faint?' The lady began chatting about the celebrity below, and in the midst of her talk I mentally rose to the occasion something like this, remembering what I had been studying in The Sickle, 'I am a God-being, a Mind-being, so it is for me to decide whether that blow hurt me or not. All is mind. I would have to admit that I am injured in order to have any bad effects. If I am Mind, I alone decide, and I have decided. I am *not* hurt in the slightest. I am in a perpetual state of harmony and peace *now.* The feeling

of injury began instantly to fade away and the lady never knew I had hit my head. There were no images nor likeness of injury because I knew I had ceased to think them, to create them, as taught in the Sickle."

"I, too, can testify to the help and enlightenment derived from this same book," said Henri, as their teacher paused. "I am ready to get light and information on radio from anyone who has proved the success and truth of his findings. So in the Science of Being. Being is that which *is,* which has real existence, and it cannot be limited in any direction by anybody. Truth knows naught of persons or personal authors. It just *is.*"

"Mr. Malcolm," said Mrs. Fox. "One thing disturbs me about The Sickle. It is that there is so little said about Love, divine Love. I am afraid when I get home and introduce the book to my patients they will say so too. And what am I to tell them?" They all listened eagerly for they had heard the same thing voiced before. Mr. Malcolm seemed not at all disturbed as he replied, "Did Jesus spend much time *talking* about Love, but was not his every word and act Love lived? The definition of Love in Webster's dictionary is threefold, but only one of the statements can possibly refer to Love as used in Christian Science. It reads: 'Benevolence; kindness; charity.' Is the one

who *talks* about kindness, charity, always the one who displays the most of those qualities? Gush is not love. As for the phrase 'divine Love' it must mean that true thinking, scientific knowing, is benevolent, kind, charitable, in a word—loving. It always works out to the good, to the advantage of all. The effect of true scientific work is always benevolent, never harmful to anyone. It is Love, indeed. It is affection of the truest sort. 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee,' said Isaiah. That which *is*, the I AM, is kind, good and loving, not revengeful nor destructive. In that lies our hope. This is beautifully expressed in the New Testament, 'For the law came by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.' Grace and truth! What more could we ask? The law in its true sense is composed of two parts—grace and truth, loving kindness and truth applied. If your patients are healed by your new understanding of this law, they will have the proof that The Sickle is packed with healing love from cover to cover, as the sun's rays are full of warmth."

Mrs. Gardner was wiping her eyes as she said in a tremulous tone, "I can testify to that, and also to the loving efforts of Mrs. Fox and Mr. Malcolm in my behalf. It was Love lived and applied, not talked merely."

"And you, Mr. Malcolm, found the sickle with which to reap and passed it on to us, to me, and this room and the trip to Roumania with all they mean are my harvest," said Rose.

"Well, it is time I went back to the hotel and to bed," said Aunt Delia, "or I shall get into bad habits by the time I tie up my bark in Stratford waters again. When I get home I know I shall see so many things that want tending to that I shall need a good, sharp scythe,—let alone a sickle. Goodness! When I think of the years I've wasted in thinking the wrong way,—letting perfectly good power slip through my fingers—or my brain—sowing weeds instead of wheat and corn,—I am fairly disgusted with myself." She rose to go, but Henri couldn't resist having a little fun at her expense.

"Don't go yet, Aunt Delia. You have us all worked up. We cannot tell from your words whether you are a mariner, or a farmer, a sower or a reaper. You also spoke of using power. You interest me."

"Well, you started me on the road to all these accomplishments the night you made me solve the riddle of the universe. 'The What and The Why.' I tell you, that night I had to *think.*"

"And that is what you are, Mrs. Rowe," said Mr. Malcolm. "A good thinker."

"If I may be so very inhospitable as to turn you all out," interposed Rose rising, "I must hurry out; I've just had a belated idea. I must cable to Nicholas at once."

"Why hurry?" smiled Mr. Malcolm. "Hurry and worry are close of kin. But I, too, must go for I have work to do, and we will stop and send your cable before I leave you."

So an hour later Rose wrote the words which were to "carry to Europe a submarine whisper, foreshadowing metaphysical science," as Beatrice had written her some months before, copying the words from the eleventh edition of Science and Health.

Mr. Malcolm said, in parting, the closing words of the quotation, " 'Little by little thought must give up its materiality, and become spiritual.' Then we shall not need material methods of transmitting our messages. Consciousness will send and receive the ideas."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Rose-of-the-World.

A month later two people were sitting in the music room of the United States embassy in Bucharest deeply absorbed in each other. Sometimes they both talked at once, sometimes there was a silence, words were inadequate.

"But, Nicky, I cannot see why you were not reported at once to the authorities here, instead of your being ill near Jassy for several weeks and no one knowing it. What ailed the gypsies and the Red Cross people and all the others?"

"Easily explained, dear. The night I escaped from The Cheka, the Captain of the guards had come to take Vladimir Roussoff away to his execution. Owing to the lights being out of commission I escaped,—and so did he,—although I did not know it at the time. Special police were sent out on his trail, even bloodhounds, too, I believe. When the little gypsy girl, Marie (bless her!), was overtaken by one of those emissaries, he was looking for Vladimir and not for me as she supposed. *But*, if he had once glimpsed me in the wagon he would have known me, of course, and I should have been—well, taken back. Thanks to the

little red hen's timely intervention he did *not* get his eagle eyes on your Nicholas."

"Oh, Nicky! I can never, never eat another chicken as long as I live. I just love them, every one. I would feel like a cannibal."

"I feel about the same," said the captain with a beatific smile as he gazed with hungry eyes at the lovely vision before him. "Chickens and nightingales are off my menu card. But I will finish my story of why I was not reported sooner. Marie coaxed from the gendarme the name of the man he was hunting, and of course I was reported as Vladimir, son of Ivan Roussoff."

"Nicky, I just must see that gypsy girl and her father before we go."

"You better not omit Ilya or there will be trouble. I had hard work to convince him that I had no special plan arranged to carry Marie off in my pocket. The gypsies are *rather* jealous,—if you ask me!"

"How did you convince him?" she demanded with a little pucker in her brow.

"I made him sit down and listen for two solid hours to my ravings about you. It was a great relief to talk to someone about the only girl in the world, and I just did! He thinks you are Beauty, Grace, Wonderfulness, and Charm personified—as you are."

"Nicky!"

"He is crazy to see you, and when he does he will see that there was no chance for Marie in the same world with you. In fact, I am most afraid to have him see you. You are lovelier than ever. You have a different expression, some way! What is it? You seem in the clouds, and yet very human too."

"I have found out what I am. Not just an image, an idea of something else, but I am Mind, Spirit, Soul itself, and so are you. Oh, I have so much to tell you, not exciting like your tale, but uplifting and wonderful. Mr. and Mrs. Rochelle too, you must meet. You know I crossed with them and they want us to be married from their home in Switzerland."

"Switzerland! What is the matter with little old Roumania? The moment I got your cable message the good Minister, who has taken me into his very home here in the embassy, and I began to make all the arrangements for our immediate marriage. No, I have the papers in my pocket this very minute. The ceremony takes place tomorrow! And, Rose-of-the-World, can you dress up a little extra? Not for my sake, but for Ilya's. He expects to see an American millionairess bedecked in coronets and stomachers of rubies and diamonds I imagine. He—"

"Ilya! Is he going to be present?"

"Why certainly," said Nicholas in a matter of fact

tone. "You don't seem to understand. They are my *friends*. If they hadn't picked me up—"

"Don't Nicky. I can't think of it. But I verily believe it was our work, mine and Mr. Malcolm's, which made them take you along with them. 'God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.' And of course I *want* Marie and Ilya and the whole tribe at our wedding. Only I haven't any wonderful clothes. I brought with me a hastily purchased white lace dress and a veil. If you can find a few flowers—"

"To decorate a Rose?"

"Roses and valley lillies make a gorgeous combination. It is what I have always wanted."

"Don't you worry, Rosamonde, Rose-of-the-World. Every detail is planned and will be carried out to perfection. You know on this part of the globe everything has been turned upside down, so in this instance too—the groom instead of the bride arranges and gives the wedding. At ten o'clock tomorrow morning you will see—what you will see. Only come down all dressed in the lace frock and the misty veil. I told Ilya that was our wedding custom. He can hardly wait to see you."

So the next morning promptly at ten, Rose Northup, enveloped in trailing whiteness, came down the embassy stairs and found at the bottom a dusky, radiant

gypsy maid with flashing teeth and sparkling eyes, dressed in magnificent colors, orange, green, white and red. In her hand she held something close and as Rose smiled at her through her veil and extended both arms the girl knelt at her feet and lifting Rose's hand kissed it fervently, saying in broken English, "I know who you are, my nice Gorgio's bride. Heem nice well Gorgio now. Heem very seeck one time. Marie, she nurse heem for you. She steal leetle red chick to make heem soup. Leetle red chick, she save heem too. Nice leetle chick. Nice Gorgio. Onnerstand? You goin' have nice long life togedder. Marie see it in the future. Marie bring you someti'ing. Eet belong to her grandmudder. Here eet is. Put eet on your neck." And she rose to her feet, shyly lifted the veil and slipped around Rose's neck a chain of silver set with fine topazes and a pendant of pearls and opals, in the shape of a Greek cross.

"For me?" exclaimed the astonished Rose fingering the costly gift. "No, no, I could not take it from you, Marie. You have already done so much. I owe you all my happiness," and she kissed the girl heartily.

"Eet is now yours, not mine," said Marie, shaking her head. "I give eet to you. You marry my nice, happy Gorgio, and I marry Ilya."

She led Rose by the arm into the music room where

a motley company of embassy folks and swarthy, gay gypsies were assembled. Banks of roses and ferns were everywhere, while a tiny gypsy girl in native costume presented Rose with a bridal bouquet of lillies of the valley. Velvety rugs from the nearby Orient, priceless porcelains, the grand piano and tall golden harp, the flickering candle light from the dozens of silver sconces and candlesticks,—for heavy curtains shut out the cloudy autumn daylight,—all this made a picture Rose would never forget, nor would it ever grow dim. Her past of disappointment and anxiety made the present so wonderful that she felt she was in another world, a world of beauty, joy and fulfillment. What was that they were playing, not the familiar wedding music of countless ceremonies she had attended, but weird, haunting, played by a harpist, and two gypsies on their guitars. A tall, dark fellow with an orange sash and gold hoop earrings was carrying the air on his violin softly, caressingly, "My heart's own song on moonlight rain, Comes beating on thy window pane."

Rose heard herself saying, "I will. I, Rosamonde, do take thee Nicholas." And then somebody prayed and the music swelled out louder and Ilya became nearly frantic, swaying and swinging with his bow which was soaring to heights unknown to him before.

It seemed to Rose afterwards that her wedding had been set in an Arabian Night's splendor, so great a contrast was it to the ordinary, conventional life she had had in her sister's home. The exotic and barbaric dress of the gypsy guests, their merry smiling chatter, the soft candle lights, the air of antiquity about the place made it seem like a scene from a play.

Nicholas, best of all, was at her side, and a wave of intense thanksgiving went out from her heart to Mind, and to all who had helped her on the way to a fuller understanding of it.

Food was brought to her, delectable things to eat and drink while the gypsies played a sweet little strain which Nicholas whispered he had written down for her to play later, and she must mark it well, for he loved it. Marie was singing now, but in Chingéni, so Nicholas told her it was about the little red hen running down a hill, and crying "Come steal me, Gypsy man."

CHAPTER XXV.

"I."

The first of December found Captain Louma and his wife still lingering in Switzerland with their friends who insisted that they remain over the Holidays. But Rose had set her heart on spending Christmas in their own little apartment on East Eighth Street.

"We had great fun giving it a name," she said to Beatrice as they lingered over their breakfast after the men had gone out. "I proposed several names, but Nicky was pretty silent, so I asked him what was on his mind, and he said there was a name he wanted but he knew I wouldn't care for it. Of course I said I would, so he told me diffidently that he wanted our home called 'Romany Tan.' Did you ever hear such an absurd name for a metropolitan apartment? If it had been for a Ford car or a mountain cabin or something like that!"

"I don't wonder he wants a gypsy flavor to the place after I have heard his story I think it is a fine name," asserted Beatrice warmly. "I hope you didn't oppose it, Rose."

"Oppose Nicky, now that I have him safe and

sound! Ask him, that's all. Remember you are to spend the Holidays next year in Romany Tan yourself. We bought some gypsy-looking things in Roumania and Constantinople to send home for it, and I know my sister Joan will say the place looks like a rummage sale on the lower East side. Her taste runs to Louis this and Louis that, spindle leg gilt chairs and mauve brocade. Poor Joan, she thinks I have gone crazy."

"I suppose so. But here is the mail. A letter from Mr. Malcolm. Good! Let me read it to you. He is so good to write. And here comes Henri and your husband. They must hear it too. Sit down, dear gentlemen, and I will give you a treat.

New York, November 24.

"Dear Students and Friends: Your good letter rejoiced my heart for I see you are holding to the truth and applying it daily to your problems. It is the only way of salvation.

"Now to answer your questions. No, I do not consider Captain Louma's escape from the Russian police strictly a scientific demonstration of the power of spiritual thought. But we must remember two things, —he, himself is not a student of Christian metaphysics and therefore not able to apply that knowledge as an experienced Scientist might have done. We on this

side of the world, did not know the exact problems or conditions he was meeting, so our work for him had to be general, rather than specific. Then too, the policeman was doing his duty, according to his light, he was not a gunman nor a murderer, so if he had glimpsed the *Gorgio* lying hidden in the covered wagon he would have been obliged to carry him off to Moscow. You say Captain Louma realized while lying there some truths about Mind, the one I AM of the universe, that it was the individuality of all present, the gypsies, the police, himself and the pullet. That was excellent, and no doubt it resulted in the occurrences taking place as you narrated in your letter. So we will give thanks that his escape was made possible, and without bloodshed or hatred. We cannot always outline *how* our problems will be solved, but we can and must know that we have infinite wisdom to solve them with. If *any* man, anywhere ask Mind for wisdom it *shall be given him.* Perhaps, in this instance, Captain Louma's work, and ours, did more than we know. It opened the way of escape for another political prisoner, Vladimir Roussoff. It gave Marie an opportunity to hear about God for the first time. And we do not know how deeply touched the policeman was by Truth. As for the little red hen,—I am glad she escaped the stew Matushka was to make. Any-

way, Captain Louma is alive and on the road to health, free again to return home, and Rose Northup Louma has gained greater understanding, greater faith in her own work, and I hope a lasting happiness. Do not tell them, but I will have their apartment all abloom—"

"Oh, oh, what have I said? I didn't know there were any secrets in the letter," exclaimed Beatrice, "and I just read right along."

"You may as well finish it now," laughed Rose delightedly, "Abloom with what?"

"No, I won't tell you with what. Let that part be a secret. I will skip that and go on with the rest."

"You say your husband is now quite free from the effects of being gassed in the late war, and that he began to improve rapidly as soon as he got a glimpse that he, himself, was a particle of Mind, of Mentality, of Cause, of Spirit, of Nature, of Life and Love. Does that not prove that Mrs. Eddy's early teaching was correct? For she certainly taught it and practiced according to that teaching. You will remember that during my stay in Stratford in August, your aunt, Mrs. Rowe, asked Mrs. Cartwright if I could purchase the eleventh edition of Science and Health, which was in the Reading Room. I wanted it mostly to convince skeptical Scientists what Mrs. Eddy's early teaching was. Mrs. Cartwright was not ready to dispose of

the book, but now she has just sent it to me, as she says she must stick to the current copies, and in closing I just want to quote from it, it is so concise and clear. Volume 1, page 216. 'When the circumstance is present that you say, according to hygiene, induces disease, whether it be air, exercise, heredity, contagion, or accident, perform your office as porter, and shut out these unwelcome guests; exercise the mind's authority over the body, and protest against their entering your castle, and you can keep them out; nothing can affect your body to the issues of pain or pleasure, unless the mind says it or fears it, and like a frightened porter forsakes his watch and admits the intruder through fear, concluding he is not strong enough to guard the entrance. But this conclusion is false, for the body is mind, and subject to its control. It seems self-acting matter only because mortal mind is ignorant of itself and its own action and the results upon the body, ignorant that the predisposing, remote, and exciting cause of all disease, bad effects from climate, accidents, etc., is a law of mortal belief,—a law of mortal mind instead of matter; and in proportion as this law is walked over and destroyed in mind will the body be free from its penalties.

I am glad you are finding a response to your work in Switzerland and in France. When anyone really

sees the truth of his being he cannot be moved. He cannot unlearn what he has learned and proved. As Mrs. Eddy truly said in that early edition of her book, and which is as true now as then, the question today is, whether the 'I' is Principle or person, Soul and body, God and man.' You and your able husband I am sure, have decided that question to your own satisfaction. You can point others to the definition of 'I' or 'Ego' in the present edition, page 588, 'Divine Principle; Spirit; Soul; incorporeal, unerring, immortal, and eternal Mind. There is but one I, or Us, but one divine Principle, or Mind, governing all existence; man and woman unchanged forever in their individual characters, even as numbers which never blend with each other, though they are governed by one Principle.' Remember this in her definition of the 'I'."

As Beatrice finished reading Nicholas exclaimed, "What was that? I got interested in the 'I,' the 'I AM' of the universe while talking and reading with an old Hebrew in The Cheka. It is a subject I am going to pursue when I get home, for who has not spent hours wondering 'Who or what am I?' Even Ilya and Marie spoke of it one day. You know the Gypsies have a different theory or belief from any other people. They seem to think of all Nature as little brothers or sisters, as being almost conscious and

responding to their talk and affection for them. They talk to the brooks, to the trees, to the wind, and of course to their animals. I hadn't worked it out very clearly to myself, so couldn't tell them much. But I believed it is all stored up in Genesis."

"Don't you suppose that Genesis and the Apocalypse seem beyond our understanding because they are veiled, not only by their authors but by the men who rewrote and also translated them? They failed to understand the original texts, so could not give us an absolutely clear and accurate rendition of them," said Henri.

"Well, so far as we are concerned, Mrs. Eddy says 'To admit one's self Soul instead of body sets us free to master the infinite idea'," said Rose, "and I know in working for Nicholas I recalled this statement or truth constantly, and tried to realize my God power."

"It worked," said her husband, "for here I am. *Me voici!*"

"Yes, truly," replied Rose, "and now I must go and pack for Romany Tan is calling me, and the Gigantic sails in just four days. Come, Nicky."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Romany Tan.

The great liner was being warped into her dock in the majestic North River. The busy little tugs were puffing at their task, urging, pulling, pushing and crowding the ice-covered monster of the deep into her slip, where she seemed loath to go. Her great nose kept pointing down stream as though she scented again the spray and huge billows she had breasted on her westward voyage across the North Atlantic, billows she had successfully ridden and risen above, while carrying her precious cargo to their destination. Crowds of eager watchers were lining her rails, waving to the friends awaiting them below on the docks.

Captain and Mrs. Nicholas Louma stood a little apart from the others, out of the bitter wintry wind, in the lee, where they were unnoticed and alone. They were not gazing with the crowd down towards the huge docks. They were looking deeply into each other's eyes, until at last Rose spoke.

"New York seemed to me an arid waste, after I had given you up, and now,—Oh, Nicky, we are here together."

"And Romany Tan is waiting for us just down there," and he motioned towards the lower part of

the city. "You have saved it for a surprise. You have not given me a hint what it will be like. But I can endure even an attic with you, and after the Cheka. And you say this other Rose, the Russian one, will be waiting for us there?"

"Yes. I cabled her, you know, when we sailed. She has been very happy there, she writes me. She will dislike to leave. Now that the old father-in-law has passed away she has no one."

He looked at her searchingly, then said gently, "Is it that you want her to remain—with us?"

"How did you guess? I do and I don't. She will be out all day at her studio, but it would be wonderful for her to have a home to return to at nightfall, Nicky. She is young, and needs us. And then too, I cannot forget that it was she who brought your song, and she who called my attention to the significance of your words, 'Moonlight will come again.' I can hear her saying it now. It was *such* a comfort, dear. I hope you will tell her all you can about her Michael."

"Indeed I will. He was a brick. Daring and cheery and a good buddy. I don't wonder she loved him. I didn't know what became of him after he got away from The Cheka. He was to be transferred to another prison, and in the shuffle made his get-away. He often spoke of his little bride he left behind. He spoke as

if her station in Russia would have been above his. He was proud of her. Is she refined and talented?"

"Oh, very. An innate lady. Sallie Fox did good missionary work in bringing her out of those sordid surroundings, and enabling her to get on in her chosen profession, where she is doing so well. She is drinking in with great eagerness, too, all we tell her about God and Life and Truth. Her soul was like a parched garden. Mr. Malcolm has written me that one could almost see her revive like a plant drooping for lack of water. He is doing a wonderful work here in New York. Oh, I wish he would come down to Romany Tan tonight, but that is too much to expect. If it hadn't been for him,—Oh, Nicky!"

"And Rose Ivanovna and Mrs. Fox and Christian Science!" put in her husband. "If this girl stays with us you will have two apt pupils, for I, too, want to learn who I am and what I am and a million other things."

Two hours later, the travelers turned to go up the steps of the house in East Eighth Street which Rose Northup had selected as their abiding place, when a tall figure came hurrying towards them from the opposite direction.

"Mr. Malcolm!" exclaimed Rose delightedly, extending both hands impulsively.

"And this is our nightingale returned, I know," said Mr. Malcolm as he grasped Nicholas' hand before Rose had a chance to introduce the two men.

"And you are the one who made the moonlight to come again," responded Captain Louma heartily gripping the other man's hand in a clasp that almost made him wince. They hastened up the stairs chatting merrily and in the open door stood Rose Ivanovna smiling bravely, trying not to think of the contrast between this joyous home-coming and her sad news of Michael's fate. She held in her hand a small copper tray or plate, richly embossed.

"Rose Ivanovna, let me present to you my Nicholas, Captain Louma. Mrs. Tschikonoff, Nicky. Let us in, Rose Ivanovna. Why keep us standing here in the hall?" asked Rose, curiously, at length.

"Captain Louma, he knows," smiled Rose Ivanovna, then with a few words in Russian she proffered him the tray whereon they noticed for the first time a piece of bread and a small glass dish of salt.

"Oh, the old Russian custom!" exclaimed Nicholas, delightedly, as he took a pinch of salt and ate a morsel of the bread, then passed them to his wife. "We wouldn't think of moving from even one house to another in the old days in Russia, without this little homely ceremony. I have heard my mother speak of it often."

Rose ate the salt with a wry face, but admitted that it was a very pretty custom and she loved it, then pushed on into the living-room where she found it had been converted into a bower of roses. They filled the bowls and vases scattered throughout the room, and the air was heavy with their perfume. Rose Ivanovna had lighted the tall candles in the Russian candlesticks, and a low fire burned on the hearth.

Nicholas Louma gazed at the room as if in a daze, then exclaimed, "Is it I who am here? Is this Romany Tan? Am I dreaming or what?"

Rose Northup Louma could only stand and gaze from one to the other of the little group, her heart beating too rapidly for words to come.

Rose Ivanovna broke the silence. "You both like eet? Mr. Malcolm, he fix the flowers. He—"

"Don't give me credit, dear friends. It was Sallie Fox's idea, this turning your room into a bower of roses. I only carried out her orders. She was so disappointed that she could not give a finishing touch to it by having a real nightingale, but—" Just here a bird's song thrilled through the room, warbling and trilling out his ecstacy of heart. The travelers turned quickly to discover in a corner well hidden by the roses a talking machine which was reproducing the natural singing of a real nightingale, whose liquid notes were

flooding the room with such melody that they stood as though spellbound, then Rose sank on a chair and covered her face with her hands, saying, "I am really too happy!"

"Well, *I* am not," said her husband practically. "I can take in quite a lot more, even. After a season abroad, under the circumstances, I can take in all the happiness New York has in store for me. Rose Ivanovna, haven't you anything to eat in this place?"

She laughingly led the way to a tiny dining alcove where the table was laid for four, whispering, "Dinner will be ready in a half hour. Then I hope before I go away later, you will tell me just a word about my Michael." Her tone was so wistful that Nicholas sat down at once and gave her a hasty sketch of his acquaintance with private Michael Tschikonoff, gave it in the soft Russian tongue which made it seem all the more real and precious to little Rose Ivanovna.

At last as he paused she said simply in English, "I thank you, so very much. But you make big mistake. My Michael, he not dead. 'There is no death, mind cannot die.' I read it in a little paper Mr. Malcolm he bring me. My Michael, he just the same,—only better. I not very lonesome now, not often."

As Rose Ivanovna left Nicholas to see to the dinner in the tiny kitchen, he rejoined his wife and Mr. Mal-

colm, saying, "Tell me, Rose-of-the-World, how you located this charming place. Did you use your Christian Science in the matter? I am such a novice in this new way of looking at things that I wouldn't even know how to go to work to do anything."

Rose smiled up at him as she said, "We use it for everything, even releasing our husbands from prisons. Yes, I will tell you about this place. I lay awake one night,—one of hundreds—thinking of you and of what might have happened, and became so nearly frantic that in order to get my mind away from such gruesome things I tried to picture to myself a little apartment of four rooms here in the city. I laid them out in my mind, just how they were to be arranged, and then I furnished them. I counted up the pieces of housekeeping utensils, the rugs and a few things I already possessed, and calculated the cost of purchasing enough more to fit the rooms out to my satisfaction. I decided I would like to move to a new neighborhood, that is, away from the locality where I had spent such a very unhappy three years, so I remembered this part of the city, where as a child I used to come to visit some old ladies on Tenth Street. It appealed to me, as being quiet and just what I would like. Then I remembered that in Christian Science we had been taught we must not outline at all. That

Truth would guide us to our right place. What I meant by 'Truth will guide us,' I don't exactly know. My ideas of the word Truth spelled with a capital were extremely vague. I did not understand as I do now that Truth is just true, correct thinking in accordance with the eternal facts of life. So with dismay in my heart at my audacity in outlining what I really wanted, even though I hadn't the faintest idea that it would 'come true,' I turned my face into my pillow,—and—oh, no, I didn't go to sleep. I wept for hours more.

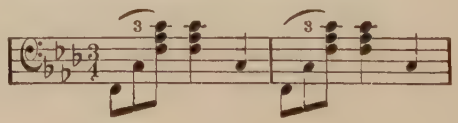
The next day when I was in the reading room a lady came in and asked for an old edition of Science and Health and said it was clearer than the present ones we have. Then she read my problem in my eyes, and said she was coming back next day to talk to me. It was Mrs. Fox. You all know what she and Mr. Malcolm did for us, and after I had studied the literature they told me of, I saw that *only* by outlining good and right things for ourselves did we get them. That we have to admit them into our consciousness much as we admit people to our homes. If we keep them out by saying, 'Perhaps it isn't right for me to have thus and so,' or, 'I must not outline at all, just trust,' we will get little. If, as I have learned lately, right thought is the one and only creative element

we must use it, and outline 'according to the pattern shown thee in the mount.' Moses and Joshua certainly outlined. The tabernacle was outlined from the stakes to the borders of the curtains and the fringes on the priests' garments. Jesus told his disciples in just what house to prepare the passover, and where they would find the ass' colt whereon he wished to ride. He said 'Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them.' I have found that we must sense ourselves as already in possession of the particular good thing we desire. Of course, Nicky, you understand, this is not just a selfish getting what you want regardless of right or wrong or the rights of other people. But this little apartment was born first in my desire for it, but I waited until after, weeks after, getting your song before I really looked it up. I came down here and found just what I wanted without any more delays. The very day I moved in some of my things I received word that you were at the embassy in Bucharest."

"And the next day we had your cable. I wished then that radio science had progressed far enough to transport you overseas all in a wink," replied her husband looking lovingly down at her earnest face.

"Jesus was far ahead of his time, wasn't he?" rejoined Mr. Malcolm. "It is recorded of him that he

once entered into a ship on a lake and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went. No time, no distance. You, yourself, are really where your heart is, where your very inmost desires and thoughts are. Jesus knew that his body, as Mrs. Eddy clearly states in her early book, was but "a reflex shadow of immortal soul," so some day we shall be able to prove this by transporting our bodies with our thinking, as Jesus did for our enlightenment on several occasions, even through closed doors. What great achievements lie ahead of us now that we begin to understand that we are Mind, Intelligence! I suppose the marvels which will come to light during the next ten years will far surpass even those of the decade just past. It really is no small thing to sit here in New York city on a cold winter's night and hear the voice of an European nightingale who poured forth his song under some summer moon. And we have another record I want you to hear played by a harpist, a 'cellist and a violinist. You may recognize it and if you do, please join in with me." He walked over to the rose-embowered corner and in a minute they heard the familiar accompaniment played on the harp:



Rose Ivanovna appeared suddenly in the kitchen doorway all unconscious that she held in her hand a bright copper kettle. As Rose Louma looked at her with tears of joy in her eyes she caught the gleam of jewels on the wall at the little Russian girl's right. It was her Ikon, her sacred picture which had for a year carefully sheltered and guarded the original manuscript of Nicholas' song. She had given it to Romany Tan.

Mr. Malcolm's strong voice in which Nicholas' tenor joined now rang out:

"My heart's own song, on moonlight rain,
"Comes beating on my window pane."

Rose Louma arose and walked to the little Russian girl's side and pointing to the picture said, "You will not have to be parted from it for Captain Louma and I are going to keep you here with us—always."

Rose Ivanovna could only stare in bewilderment and joy, until Rose motioned to her to join in the closing words of the song, only they sang it, "Moonlight *has* come again."

As the music ceased Captain Louma strolled over to a little table and absently picked up a small oblong package. "What is that, Nicky?" asked his wife. "Another surprise?" "It is an express package addressed to us both, and the shipper is—hm,—is—Mrs. Delia Rowe, Stratford."

Almost before he had finished reading the name Rose had torn off the wrappings and opened the wooden box. On top was a note in Mrs. Rowe's precise handwriting.

"Dear Rose and Nicholas: Here is a treasure which I want you to keep as long as you live on this planet! I picked it up unexpectedly and want you to have it, so am sending it along to greet you on your arrival home—from prison, for you, Rose, know what it is to be in Doubting Castle, and are not unacquainted with its keeper, Giant Despair. But, like Christian and Hopeful, you remembered you had a key called Promise, which would open all doors, and you have proved it to be so. God's promises are true, the key worked, and you two, and I are now viewing the Delectable Mountains. You will remember Christian and Hopeful met four Shepherds on these Mountains, named Knowledge, Experience, Watchful and Sincere, who gave them much instruction and showed them many things. As they parted from them, the Pilgrims sang this song which I have written on the fly-leaf of the book I am giving you. Also read at once the paragraph I have marked on the closing pages. Come and see your loving Aunt Delia. P. S. My Home is on a hill overlooking the valley and the sea, and I've named it 'Delectable Mountain'."

"Dear Aunt Delia, how wonderful of her!" said Rose. "She is a royal soul." And to their amazement the book when unwrapped proved to be a copy of the First Edition of Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures. Too astonished and delighted to utter a word she handed the book to Nicholas who obeyed Mrs. Rowe's directions and real aloud from the fly-leaf:

"Thus by the Shepherds, secrets are reveal'd,
Which from all other men are kept conceal'd;
Come to the Shepherds, then, if you would see
Things deep, things hid, and that mysterious be."

"You read the other reference, Mr. Malcolm. We want you to have a share in it too," said Rose. Mr. Malcolm took the book and turning to the last pages read hastily to himself the marked passage, then exclaimed, "How remarkable! What a prophecy! Note it well." Then he read aloud the significant words from the pen of the discoverer and founder of Christian Science:

"Some of our present readers may wish to tone down the *radical* points in this work, others to cast them overboard, yet Science will reproduce itself, and as mind changes base from matter to Spirit, there will be severe chemicalization. Truth cannot be lost; if not admitted today in its *fulness* the error that shuts

it out will occasion such discord in sickness, sin, etc., that future years will point it out, and restore at length the fair proportions and *radical claims* of Christian Science."

FINIS.